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Chronicle

The War.—The past week has witnessed the resumption of activity on almost all of the war fronts. In France the British have made successful raids against German positions on the *Bulletin, Feb. 12,* Ancre, east of Souchez and in the *p.m.-Feb. 19, a.m.* vicinity of Grandcourt; west of Miramont and Petit Miramont they have gained a half-mile on a front of two miles. In the Champagne district the Germans have advanced about a half-mile on a front of a mile and a half. At many points in the Trentino there have been artillery duels, and east of Goritz the Italians have recaptured some of the positions recently taken by the Austrians. In Macedonia the Central Powers have stormed a hill east of Paralovo. Both sides have been on the offensive along the Russian front, but no change has taken place in the line except near Meste Canesci, north of the Rumanian border, where the Central Powers have recaptured some of the positions recently lost to the Russians. The Central Powers have also been successful south of Vale Putna and between Jacobeni and Kimpolung, but have lost a strong position southwest of Tergu Ocna. In Mesopotamia the British have made a series of small gains on the Tigris and report that they have almost surrounded Kut-el-Amara.

The German submarine operations have been actively prosecuted. Thirty-four ships have been added to the fatal list, given in the previous issue of *AMERICA*, with a total of 65,822 tons. The **The Blockade** grand total of ships sunk since February 1, has reached the number of 117 with a tonnage of 234,696. Three more neutral vessels have been destroyed, one of them the Lyman M. Law, an American schooner, with a cargo of laths. This vessel was stopped, searched, declared to be carrying contraband, and sunk. The crew, however, was given time to take to the boats and was saved. The loss of this ship has not been considered by the United States a valid cause for declaring war.

Although the past week has been marked by a falling off in the direct results of actual attacks on ships bound

for ports of the Allies, the indirect results of the submarine campaign leave little for Germany to desire. Practically all neutral shipping has been held up in neutral ports. American steamship companies are unwilling to expose passengers and property to the dangers threatened by Germany, unless the United States gives them protection by furnishing either guns or convoys. So far the Government has not seen fit to afford the desired protection, and, as a consequence, sailings have been postponed indefinitely.

On the fourteenth of February the dismissed German Ambassador set sail with his suite for Copenhagen on the Danish steamer, *Frederik VIII*. The Austrian Ambassador has not presented his cre-

Other Items dentials, as it is not yet clear to the

United States what action Austria intends to take in the submarine campaign. Efforts, however, are being made by both countries to prevent a break in diplomatic relations. It is reported that United States consuls, the Yarrowdale seamen and other American citizens are being detained against their will in Germany. President Wilson has demanded from Germany information about their status. He has also directed the State Department to bring to a close the negotiations concerning the treaties of 1799 and 1828, which the Swiss Minister has been carrying on with the United States in behalf of Germany. This country will not consider Germany's proposals.

The United States has received warning from Great Britain that shipping has been further endangered in the waters off Germany, Holland and Sweden. A note delivered to the State Department on February 16, indicates certain portions of the North Sea, calls attention to the fact that retaliatory measures have been demanded by the "unrestricted warfare carried on by Germany at sea," and makes the following announcement: "His Majesty's Government gives notice that on and after the seventh of February, 1917, the mentioned area in the North Sea will be rendered dangerous to all shipping by operations against the enemy, and it should therefore be avoided." The details of the operations are not further

defined; but lanes of safety are indicated, in which, so far as the action of the Allies is concerned, no danger need be feared.

Cuba.—A plot among a few army officers whose purpose was to kidnap President Menocal and to force him to sign a paper resigning the Presidency, has been fol-

*The Liberal
Uprising*

lowed by rather serious outbreaks in some of the Provinces. The reason for the plot was said to be the desire of Menocal's enemies to have Vice-President Varona act as Executive when the partial elections would be held in Santa Clara Province, on February 14. As the regular elections last November were inconclusive, the Presidency seemed to depend upon the outcome of these elections. Menocal, the head of the Conservative party, now in power, is a candidate for reelection, while his opponent is Zayas, the Liberal leader. On the discovery of the plot, four lieutenants, two of whom were in charge of the presidential palace, were arrested. Warrants were issued for the arrest of General Guerra, the leader of the August revolution, and several officials of the city of Marianao near Havana. This was followed by clashes between bands of Liberal insurgents and Government forces in Santa Clara Province, by arrests of several suspected conspirators, the cutting of telegraph communications between the capital and isolated parts of the island, especially in the Province of Camaguey, and the revolt of the soldiers at Santiago who seized the Governor, General Manuel Fuentes. Rumors were current for a while that the ex-President, José Miguel Gomez, manager of the Zayas campaign, who was reported to have escaped on his yacht, the morning before the first rising in Havana, had landed on the coast of Santa Clara and had assumed charge of the movement. At another time he was said to be at the head of rebel troops in Camaguey.

On February 13 President Menocal found it necessary to issue a call for volunteers for ninety days. At the same time it was officially announced that the American Government had granted the request of the Cuban Government to sell it 10,000 rifles and 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition. Simultaneously with this official announcement, the Government stated that the by-elections in Santa Clara would be held, that a peaceful election was expected, that not a single sugar mill had been closed, that the rebel forces had been routed, that order prevailed in Pinar de Rio, in Havana and Matanzas and that communications would be soon restored with Camaguey. On the evening of February 14 the Conservatives claimed big majorities in the disputed districts of Santa Clara, the Liberals however making the counter claim that there were not sufficient votes to elect Menocal.

With the exception of a few places, none of any importance, except Santiago, President Menocal seems so far to have the situation well in hand. The Liberals for some time hoped that the Government of the United

States would consider the proposition brought before it by Dr. Orestes Ferrara, Speaker of the Cuban Chamber of Deputies, to have an American Commission investigate the recent Cuban elections. But a warning sent by Secretary of State Lansing to American Minister, Gonzales, at Havana and delivered by the latter to the Cuban Government destroyed the hope that any revolutionary movement would win the support of the American Government. The note intimated that the American Government, if it found it necessary to do so, would intervene to protect the Constitutional Government of Cuba against any revolt the latter is unable to quell.

France.—On February 16, Alexandre Ribot, Minister of Finance, asked the Chamber of Deputies to appropriate \$1,914,800,000 to cover the Government's expen-

*Appropriations
Asked*

tures for the second quarter of the present year. This was an increase of \$180,000,000 over the amount of the appropriation for the first quarter. Referring to the growing expenditures of the French Government, Minister Ribot said:

The greatest of our tasks is not to raise money at home for the growing expenditures. It is to reduce the loans made abroad to pay for foreign purchases. We must utilize better our own forces of production and put an end to all importations that are not rigorously necessary. We should have confidence in France. We should talk frankly to the people and show them the difficulties and sacrifices that are indispensable. With sincere talk and order in our methods and vigor in our actions, there is nothing we cannot obtain from this noble country which is resolved to do everything and to suffer everything required to conquer and to secure a peace that will preserve it from fresh aggression.

Explaining the condition of the Treasury, M. Ribot pointed out that in 1916 receipts from direct taxes were increased by \$6,000,000, over 1915 and by \$162,000,000 from indirect taxes. The total receipts were 2.4 per cent below those of a normal year.

Among the unsuspected and unforeseen results of the war is a revival of the old mystery play and of the sacred drama. Quite recently, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of

*The Revival of
Sacred Drama*

Paris, expressed his high approval of the movement in a letter addressed to M. Emile Rochard, the author of "Le Berceau de Jésus." The Cardinal praised this fine Christmas play as the work of a great poet and of a Christian inspired by the noblest faith. He noted that the text of the Gospel is brought out in striking relief, that the structure of the play shows an intimate acquaintance with all the resources of the theater and that this sacred drama is calculated to give the spectator a profoundly religious impression. The Cardinal concludes his letter with these words: "I am, therefore, happy to encourage and bless this work which is calculated to make the mysteries of our holy religion better known and better loved." M. Narfon, of the *Figaro*, who is well acquainted with the ideals and the work of M. Emile

Rochard, tells us that "Le Berceau de Jésus," the first play of the eminent poet, is the first of a series of Gospel plays in which the author intends to portray the life of Our Lord. "Le Berceau" is to be followed on the public stage by "The Public Life," "The Passion," and "The Resurrection." This last play has already been performed before Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice. M. Emile Rochard is the author of a very remarkable book, "Jesus According to the Gospels," which has been crowned by the Academy.

Great Britain.—Moving a vote of credit in the House of Commons on February 12, Mr. Bonar Law stated that the war was costing the country something like

A New War Credit \$30,000,000 a day. The new credit asked for is \$2,750,000,000. The daily expenditure showed an increase since

the last accounting, not because of recent advances to the Allies, but because of the increased cost of munitions and other necessary supplies. "We shall soon have a superiority in men and munitions," said Mr. Law, "as we now have in financial resources." The total expenditures since the beginning of the war were announced as \$21,000,000,000. Nevertheless, in the opinion of Mr. Law, the finances of the country are normal, and while Great Britain "has a difficult road facing it as a nation, there will be no drawing back. Great Britain will easily bear the financial strain, and no disastrous peace will be forced on this account." In making advances to her allies, continued the Chancellor, the Government considered one thing only, and that was the general interest. In the debate which followed, Mr. Reginald McKenna professed to see a political scheme in the request for so large a grant, while Colonel Arthur Lynch strongly criticized the conduct of the war, and demanded the recall of the commander-in-chief, Sir Douglas Haig.

Ireland.—The *Irish Catholic* states that the announcement has been made in the Irish press that Mr. P. J. Brady, Parliamentary representative of the St. Stephen's

The Housing Problem Green Division of Dublin, is taking steps to obtain signatures of leading citizens to a requisition asking the

Lord Mayor to call a conference for the purpose of considering the housing problem as it exists in the metropolis and the best methods of solving it. The *Irish Catholic* quotes with approval the statement of the *Freeman's Journal* that the action of Mr. Brady is by no means intended to be antagonistic to the Corporation, because, as the former journal says, if anything at all practical is to be obtained with regard to the solution of the housing problem, "it would be unwise to launch the new movement amid the clash of arms." Up to the present the Corporation, in spite of its sincere efforts, has not been able to secure any very satisfactory result. One of the reasons given is that the Corporation has been obliged in nearly every instance to pay exorbitant

prices for the tumbledown premises it purchased in the "clearance schemes" which it entered upon with a view to the ultimate construction of its model-dwellings for the poorer classes.

In the course of its remarks the *Irish Catholic* recalls the fact that there has been recently held in Providence, R. I., the fifth annual conference of the National Housing Association of the United States. In the United States, as in Ireland, it was found that the greatest obstacle to the housing of the worker at a moderate rent is the cost of construction of improved dwellings. One delegate at the Providence conference stated that the present house famine is due to the fact that a sanitary four-room house at a rent within reach of the average workingman could not be made to yield over four or five per cent under present methods of building and that the average investor is not satisfied with less than ten per cent net on his money. Yet in Dublin, adds the *Irish Catholic*, the capitalists who have invested their money in the admirable association for the better housing of the poor are content with a much smaller return. On this point the Dublin paper says:

In the case of any Irish municipality, we believe that the rate-payers would be well pleased to learn that its housing schemes were producing four or five per cent on their cost, instead of an actual loss, as is, we fear, the case in Dublin. While we say this, however, we feel free to assert that, if something effective could be done to improve the condition of the Dublin slum- or tenement-house population, as regards their housing circumstances, no rate-payer would be found to grumble at having to bear a reasonable proportion of the cost of such improvement.

The conditions under which many of the poorest artisans and toilers in the Irish capital are dragging out their existence are "deplorable in the last degree." Everywhere in Dublin, amongst a population proverbially generous, the plan announced by Mr. Brady has met with the warmest welcome.

Mexico.—The new Mexican Constitution while declaring "that Congress shall not enact any law establishing or forbidding any religion whatsoever," not only eliminates freedom of worship but *Religious Liberty* makes provisions which tend to the destruction of religion itself. This is apparent from article 130 which runs as follows:

- (1) The Federal authorities shall have exclusive power to exercise in matters of religious worship and outward ecclesiastical forms, such intervention as by law authorized. All other officials shall act as auxiliaries to the Federal authorities.
- (2) Marriage is a civil contract. Marriage and all other acts relating to the civil status of individuals shall appertain to the exclusive jurisdiction of the civil authorities in the manner and form by law provided, and they shall have the force and validity given them by said law.
- (3) The law recognizes no corporate existence of the religious associations known as churches.
- (4) The ministers of religious sects shall be considered as persons exercising a profession and shall be directly subject to the laws enacted on the subject.
- (5) The State legislatures shall have the exclusive power of determining the maximum number of ministers of religious sects according to

the needs of each locality. (6) Ministers of religious sects shall not in any public gathering or private meeting constituted as such, or in acts of worship or religious propaganda, criticize the fundamental laws of the country, the authorities in particular or the Government in general; they shall have no vote, either directly or indirectly, nor shall they be entitled to assemble for political purposes. (7) Before consecrating new temples of worship to the public use, permission shall be obtained from the Department of the Interior; the opinion of the respective Governor of the State shall be previously taken into account. Every place of worship shall have a person charged with its care and maintenance, who shall be legally responsible for the faithful performance of the laws on religious observances, within the said place of worship, and for all the objects belonging to the respective sect. (8) The caretaker of each place of public worship, together with ten citizens of the place, shall promptly advise the municipal authorities as to the minister or person appointed to the said place of worship. The outgoing minister shall in every instance give notice of any change, for which purpose he shall be accompanied by the incoming minister and ten other citizens of the place. The municipal authorities under penalty of deposition (?) and fine, not exceeding 1,000 pesos for each breach, shall be responsible for the exact performance of this provision; they shall keep a register of the places of worship and another of the caretakers thereof, subject to the same penalty as above provided. The municipal authorities shall likewise give notice to the Department of the Interior, through the intermediary of the State Governor, of any permission to open to the public use a new place of worship, as well as of any changes in the caretakers. Gifts of furniture and ornaments for the interior of churches may be received. (9) Under no conditions shall studies carried on in institutions devoted to the professional training of ministers of religious sects be ratified or be granted any other dispensation or privilege which shall have for its purpose the ratification of the said studies in official institutions. Any authority violating this provision shall be punished criminally and all such dispensation or privilege shall be null and void, and shall invalidate wholly and entirely the professional degree obtained through the infraction of this provision. (10) Periodical religious publications shall not on their program, their title or merely by their general tendencies, comment upon any political affairs of the nation, nor publish any information regarding the acts of the authorities of the country or of private individuals who have to do with public affairs. (11) Every kind of political association whose name shall bear any word or any indication relating to any religious belief is hereby strictly forbidden. No assemblies of any political character shall be held within the place of public worship. (12) No minister of any religious sect may inherit on his own behalf or by means of a trustee or otherwise, any real property occupied by any association for religious propaganda or religious or charitable purposes. Ministers of religious sects are legally incapable of inheriting by will from ministers of the same religious sect or from any private individual to whom they are not related by blood within the fourth degree. (13) Any real and personal property pertaining to the clergy or to religious institutions shall be governed, in so far as the acquisition by private parties is concerned, in conformity with article 27 of this Constitution. [Article 27, clause 2, reads: The religious associations known as churches, irrespective of creed, shall in no case have legal capacity to acquire, own or administer real property, or loans made on such real property; all such real property as may at present be held by the said religious associations either on their own behalf, or through third parties, shall vest in the nation, and any one shall have the right to denounce property so held. Presumptive proof shall be sufficient to declare the denunciation well founded. Places of public worship are the property of the nation as rep-

resented by the Federal Government which shall determine which of them may continue to be devoted to their present purposes. Episcopal residences, rectories, seminaries, orphan asylums, collegiate establishments of religious associations, convents or any other buildings built or designed for the administration, propaganda, or teaching of the tenets of any religious sect, shall forthwith vest as of full right directly in the nation to be used exclusively for the public services of the Federation or of the States within their respective jurisdiction. All places of public worship which shall later be erected shall be the property of the nation.] (14) No trial by jury shall ever be granted for the infraction of any of the preceding provisions.

Under date of January 28, 1917, *El Universal*, a Caranzista paper, gives portions of the debates that took place during the discussion of the different articles. It reports that Alonso Romero advocated the suppression of confession and argued for the civil marriage of priests. He made a harsh attack on the clergy, indulging in insult rather than argument and declared that every woman who goes to confession is an adulteress, that every husband who permits his wife to confess is —. *El Universal* suppressed the epithet—an act of heroic self-restraint. Deputy Lizardi followed and in a grandiloquent speech stated that if confession is considered a moral act by Catholics, it is considered immoral by others. He was concerned about the divorce law, only because if priests married they might take advantage of it to rid themselves of their wives. He talked of women as if they were the lowest kind of animals. Deputy Terrones called religion "The cancer of the conscience" and maintained that no man who prides himself on his intelligence should fence himself round with the ramparts of faith, superstition, and fanaticism.

Spain.—On February 8, the Premier Count Romanones, and the Duke of Alba, Minister of the Interior, met the minority leaders and asked their support for the

Economic Measures immediate passage of a number of measures including a credit of a billion pesetas (\$200,000,000) for public works. The financial, industrial, commercial and economic condition of the country in general has been seriously studied and a mobilization of all its forces now seems to be set in motion. Among the projected bills is one for the reform of the foreign banking services, another for the nationalization of exterior loans, a third for the increase of the income tax, and a fourth for the substitution of a tax on the profits of privileged enterprises instead of the present tax on war profits. A measure was also discussed respecting the tobacco monopoly. The minority agreed to all the proposals except that for the extraordinary credit for public works, and a bill dealing with the liquor question.

The *Diario Universal* says that the country is unanimously in favor of maintaining neutrality, but that that course does not exclude action in defense of national interests.

Lodge and Preternatural Revelations

J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K.S.G.

THE recent book of Sir Oliver Lodge, dealing with communications from his dead son emphasizes the fact that there is one aspect of modern psychical and spiritistic research which is very consistently neglected by most writers on the subject. And strange to say, it is the very phase of the problem to which the scientific men connected with the movement do not care to have their attention directed, viz.; the circumstance that success in securing spiritistic phenomena depends on the cultivation of a passive state of mind, on the part of the medium and the investigators. It is certain that no really evidential phenomena can be evoked without this passivity and that the success or failure of an experiment is always in proportion to the degree of passivity which can be attained. Moreover, it is beyond all doubt that herein lies the real danger of these experiments, although the fact is seldom and only very imperfectly realized by that vast and daily increasing multitude of seekers after truth who fall victims to the lure of occultism.

Of course all students of mysticism, and indeed all thoughtful Catholics, know that there is a state of submission and quietude by which the soul is brought into close contact with God. But it is sometimes forgotten that there is also a false mysticism which induces a form of mind-passivity that has nothing in common with the former state, but on the contrary, terminates in a condition of trance and insensibility during which the soul is exposed to the wiles of evil spirits.

Writers on psychic subjects, even of the better class, are habitually leading thousands of wavering souls astray, by tacitly assuming the identity of the two states. Reflecting persons, however, should have no difficulty in recognizing the gulf that separates them.

A humble submission to God is not a weak, hypnotic attitude of the mind, depending for its development upon temperament or peculiar physical conditions; on the contrary it is a very definite operation of the will. It is the co-operation of the human will with God's will. It comes of a successful effort to silence the jarring voices of the world, sounding in our ears, and to induce a calmness that makes it possible for us to catch the sound of God's voice. There is involved in this idea the notion of energy and determination, not of dreamy, sentimental imbecility.

The condition cultivated by modern psychic investigators is totally different from this state of soul. It is a mere travesty and caricature of it. In the former consciousness remains intact, and the highest and noblest powers of the soul are called into operation. No injury, physical or moral, is inflicted thereby.

The latter condition terminates in the loss of consciousness, with the after effect of an increased activity of the sense-life and the passions, and a loss of self-control which brings about a state of physical and moral helplessness. While the former shuts the door which gives access to evil spirits, the latter throws it open.

It is a significant, but, strange to say, seldom recognized fact that the cultivation of a dangerous mind-passivity, in one form or other, is an element in practically all the modern, erroneous systems of belief and "thought-movements." In all of them we find practices that expose the soul to evil influences that eventually entirely dominate it in a most distressing way. Indeed the very word "control," employed by the promoters of these various cults, bears with it the idea of supremacy over the spirit.

The process itself is subtle but progressive and necessarily pernicious. It always terminates in a disturbance of the moral judgment and in a weakening of the will, and in the case of Catholics in an entire detachment of the soul from contact with the true supernatural order. It severs the soul effectually from that order and brings it into bondage to preternatural forces.

The victims of these diabolical operations are seldom fully aware of what is going on. They are apt to attribute this progressive mental and moral deterioration to an imaginary process of enlightenment, due to the superior knowledge streaming in through the open door of their intellect.

This accounts for the fact that great scientific men, like Sir Oliver Lodge, accept monstrous absurdities as evidence of spirit-identity, of survival of relatives after death and of communications from them. Their own mental apparatus, and consequently their judgment, is being interfered with by those very "intelligences" whose nature they are investigating, and who have gained access to their minds.

There is at the present moment, as we know, a vast and daily increasing influx of a hundred forms of error into the modern mind, and it is certain that the very sources of the moral and intellectual life of our time are being poisoned. Few, alas, recognize where the real roots of the evil are to be found, and how very strong and widespread those roots are. The evil will most certainly increase in proportion as the perilous practices of occultism are encouraged and sanctioned by scientific men, and as the departure from Christianity, with its aid and safeguards, lays unstable souls open to the beliefs and practices of paganism.

And the worst feature of this whole problem is that

the avenues to the souls, once fully opened to these perilous occult influences, can seldom be effectually and permanently closed again. In most instances, as experience ordinarily demonstrates, they remain open, giving facilities to the invading intelligences to continue their operations and even to extend them beyond the limits of

the original sphere. Hundreds of cases might be cited in illustration of the truth of this assertion.

And may not the true solution of many a perplexing problem in the life and history of individuals and nations be legitimately sought in this direction? An honest answer is in order.

Early Man and Geological Time

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.A., M.D., F.R.S.

IT must be confessed that so far the efforts to form some measure for geological time have been utterly incommensurate with the success which has waited upon them. Time after time has the task been essayed; method after method has been pursued, yet it may almost be said that at this moment we are just as much in doubt about the subject as we have ever been. The reason of this is that all the so-called "geological clocks"—with possibly one exception to be dealt with shortly—have proved misleading. We cannot trust their apparent computation of time because we cannot check the aberrations from which they quite certainly must have suffered in bygone ages, when there was none to watch them. At one period the deposition of stalagmite seemed to offer a tempting solution of the difficulty, but the rate at which this takes place, as we now know, depends on several variable factors which make all calculations founded on it quite fallacious. Then there are the theories founded on the erosion of rivers. That depends, amongst other things, on the amount of water which comes down them at different times. We know ourselves how this varies even from year to year; one period being marked by floods from which another is comparatively immune.

And we can imagine how much greater must have been the variability in earlier days when climatic changes were greater than they now are. A recent writer has attempted to make a time-piece of the Thames valley and its terraces. He sets his clock going at a steady rate per annum for the past fifty or sixty thousand years, entirely forgetful that, as is admitted on all hands, this would take him back into the glacial period when the river conditions must have been as different from what they now are as can well be imagined.

The most definite piece of evidence which we have on this erosion problem is that afforded by the Niagara Gorge (a post-glacial stream) which seems to have been excavated in about 7,000 years, a mere trifle in the tale of geological time. What has just been said about rivers may also be said about glaciers; their recession assists but little on account of the variability of the factors which cause it and the difficulty in most cases of ascertaining how that variability occurs.

Not to delay over these methods it may at once be

said that no one will feel surprised at the labor which has been bestowed upon this task of determining geological time, if he reflects on the very important bearings which it has on quite a variety of topics, notably on the date of man's first appearance on this globe. Here we are brought face to face with the solution of the problem of the chronology of the glacial period; a problem which has been attacked time and again by different workers. Here it may be pointed out that whilst there is great difference of opinion about the cause of that period, its duration, its continuity, the exact relationship to it of the various races of prehistoric men, all are agreed that the present evidence offers no reason to suppose that there were any men on earth prior to the commencement of the glacial period. Thus this period affords a kind of fixed point, and if we could arrive at any safe conclusion as to its chronology we should really begin to have some sort of chronology of prehistoric time, comparable with the chronology of the Kings of England, for example, which at present we have not. That the efforts hitherto made have been utterly unsuccessful is proved up to the hilt by the extraordinary discrepancies between the results which have been arrived at even by authorities on the subject.

There was an ancient race which had a burial place at a spot called Chapelle-aux-Saintes in France. The race had some sort of religious views; that we know, for they believed in a future life.

They fashioned implements skilfully: in a word, they were rather above the level of the lowest savages of today. Professor Sollas, a very distinguished geologist, says that they lived 25,000 years ago; Professor Keith, who has written many books and papers on anthropology, says they lived 350,000 years ago. Let us take another example of divergency of opinion amongst glaciologists. Penck, a great authority on this subject, demands a minimum of 620,000 years for the period and not less than 20,000 for the recent or post-glacial period, in which we are now living. On the other hand G. F. Wright, an American who has devoted his life to this study, says that 80,000 years is more than enough to account for the period, and that as to its termination, there was ice, thousands of feet thick, in parts of Europe and America, now the sites of populous cities, whilst the Babylonian

Empire was in its heyday. The heyday of this Empire may be put at some 5,000 or 6,000 years ago. With such differences of opinion existing amongst the doctors it would be well for the plain man to suspend his judgment and to remember, when he reads, as often he may, in the daily paper, that such an ancient specimen of man is "hundreds of thousands of years old," perhaps even "millions," that the statement is based on pure imagination and has no real foundation of any kind.

It was hinted just now that in all this welter of confusing ideas and suggestions there seemed to be one piece of evidence to which some importance could be attached. With that we may now very briefly deal. Gerard de Geer, a Scandinavian man of science, has been for many years working at the glacial characters of his district and has made many important discoveries in connection with them; important especially to Englishmen, since the glacial geology of Scandinavia is essentially the same as theirs. The discoveries of the greatest importance in connection with the subject with which we are dealing are those which he has made in regard to the sediments of the Yoldia Sea in Sweden. These clays are laminated, consisting of alternate layers of fine and coarse sands. There seems little doubt that the fine layers, which are also the thinner, are due to the winter flow from the glaciers, when the streams are at their lowest and erosion at its minimum. The thicker and coarser laminae are those of the summer stream, swollen by the thawing of the glaciers which feed that stream. This, it must be confessed, is a hypothesis, but it is one with such a very large amount of facts to sup-

port it that we may really feel hardly any hesitation in accepting it.

If it be correct, as for the moment at least we may assume that it is, it is clear that in these clays we have not only a clock but a thermographic record of the variations in temperature which have taken place since these sediments first began to be laid down.

Observations in different spots have been made and correlated so as to check one another, and the results obtained may, therefore, be looked upon as possessing a high degree of accuracy. The recession of the glaciers which once covered the entire country has been worked out and even the rate of the process, together with many other points of interest. But what we are concerned with here is the date or approximate date of the end of the glacial and the commencement of the recent period in which we now are living.

As to this we may sum up the matter by saying that De Geer believes he has proved that the ground on which the University of Stockholm now stands was first clear of ice—of course we are now dealing solely with glacial time—about 2,000 years ago. This conclusion stands very much nearer to the calculations of the more conservative authorities than it does to the enormous drafts upon the "Bank of Time" made by other observers whose figures have been quoted above. It roughly corresponds with G. F. Wright's figures, derived from the Niagara Gorge, and with the conclusion of Sollas, when he says that from "the beginning of the seventh millennium" dating backwards from today, "we look backwards over the last glacial episode."

The Neophyte and the Rosary

J. A. M. RICHEY

THE writer recalls a trip to Florida in the winter of 1902 when he was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Southland was new to him and he gloried in the scenes indigenous to the clime just north of the Everglades. It was at Fort Meade in the early morn that the sun gilded with his auric rays an orange tree laden with ripe fruit, beside the hostel, as the mule-drawn tram disappeared among the festoons of Spanish moss which draped the wooded roadway.

Down in the groves of De Soto County he feasted on the golden fruit without stint. In the fields he dug a yam-yam from the ground with the toe of his boot. Out among the numberless small lakes, bordered by the hanging boughs of trees, he wandered with stick in hand alert to detect some waiting and watching rattler and surprised one of its agile and deadly enemies, the black snake, which shot like a flash of lightning to the other side of a bush, as if to illustrate the celerity wherewith it defies the poison of asps.

Out in the flower-carpeted woods the razor-back pig ranged, hiding himself from his own name and, like the beast of a higher order, living by herbs from a table always decked with flowers, and by nuts which fell at his feet and offered him, as if he were a philosopher, many an indehiscent problem to solve. Meanwhile the wild turkey scattered a covey of quail as he shot over the protruding roots of palmettos into the thicket. The wood pigeons kept their distance, often giving the semblance of life to a dead tree by their numbers and the foliage-like distribution of their plumage, while the buzzards circled like small clouds in the sky and the sand-hill crane guided his straight course high in the heavens towards his objective, or stood nigh to a heron in the shallows of the interlacing waters. It was a great country for a tenderfoot to roam, and the adventures of pioneers of centuries gone both lent interest to this beautiful wilderness of profuse flora and fauna and borrowed interest therefrom.

It was in something of the spirit of a Columbus or a De Soto, then, that the return trip, northward, was made from the easy-going land of squatters. After watching the "pushers" or yard-engines, loaded high with wood in lieu of coal, as the train drew into Savannah, it remained for me to make the most of a short stay between trains in this beautiful city of the Southland. An electric car took one out to Fort Beauregard at the delta of the Savannah and there, with great tongs, the fishermen scooped oysters out of their beds from the confluence of the fresh and salt waters, whilst the darkies on the docks shelled the bivalves into cans to the accompaniment of plantation songs.

In the evening, at the station across town, it was discovered that there was a two hours' wait before train-time. There was time either to kill or improve. A large Catholic church on a bluff opposite the depot sent forth a glow through its windows which seemed to say the time should be improved.

For a week-day evening the church was very full, but a seat was easily found without assistance and there was a peculiar feeling of being at ease and at home, though I was not minded to exaggerate that fact at the time. A genuflection, before entering the seat, was made without any consciousness that there might be some "Low Churchmen" present to protest against the customary reverence.

The venerable and good Father stood afar off high up on the altar step, pacing back and forth and instructing his people on the sin of calumny. Clearly does his discourse revert to mind, as though it had been yesternight. Forceful were his words and apt his illustrations. Irish he was to the core and the brogue enriched his deep and winning voice. The practical homeliness of an illustration shows how he went to the root of the matter:

"Now, my dear people, there are several ways in which you can calumniate your fellow-man. You can tell the lie direct! You can keep silent when you ought to speak! Then, you can say: 'Ah, Mike is a fine fellow, a good father, a kind husband, a beautiful character! —but—' And there! You said all those nice things about him just to get in that 'but.'"

After the sermon he descended to the lower step and led in the devotion of the rosary. In a low tone which veiled his unskilled attempt the stranger joined in the recitation of the Our Fathers and Hail Marys. It was the first time he had ever said the rosary. Though knowing well the words, he was not accustomed to the vocal agility wherewith they were said and in his verbal effort he made little headway with meditation on the mysteries. Altogether, at that time, he was disposed to reckon the spiritual exercise one of "vain repetitions," as one is sometimes inclined to do when his own inability and the skill of others are in apposition.

It was years later, in California, that the messenger of death came with the evening trade-wind and claimed a sweet soul from a household. Among the things which

the wife and mother had treasured in her trunk was a rosary to which she had taken a fancy and had purchased the year of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Why did it seem to mean more to the finder than aught else which he came across? Was it because his wife had been born on the feast of the Assumption and had been named by her Protestant parents Mary? Perhaps the very fact that she had treasured it all these years signified that it represented to her something more than a fancy, even a dear association and some faith in the devotion of the mystic chaplet, though, like any other Episcopalian, she was not in the habit of reciting her beads. Perhaps those words, "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," told the bereaved husband more distinctly of a bond of fellowship and charity which even the grave cannot sever.

Then, they were not vain repetitions!

No, come to think of it, did not Our Lord Himself say: "When ye pray, say, Our Father," etc. Could that be a vain repetition? No, even a Protestant would not claim that. The early Christians repeated the Our Father many times. We are told that Paul, the first hermit of the desert, said three hundred Our Fathers daily, counting them with pebbles. The Psalmist of old, in a single Psalm, repeated twenty-seven times, "For His Mercy endureth forever."

Repetitions cannot be "vain" where the spirit of devotion is present and where reflections on the mysteries are hung, as it were, upon the words of virgin, saint, angel and God Himself.

If it was St. Dominic who gave the orange to Italy and the rosary to the world, it was Florida which first showed the wayfarer the golden fruit in its native State, and Georgia where he first, and the only time for many years, said the rosary with its words, "Blessed is the Fruit of thy womb."

And when on the morning of his reception into Holy Church,—on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, six years ago, the neophyte attended early Mass, the New Eve and Mother of all the Faithful had a message for him. It was extra-liturgical and seemed a special fruit of that Mass for his special need, a proper appreciation on the part of a Christian of his relationship to the Mother of his Saviour. As from the door of the tabernacle, there came forth the words: "Behold thy son; son, behold thy Mother, behold thy Mother, thy Mother." Though a Protestant may often accept theoretically the fact that the Mother of his Saviour is in some sense his Mother also, it doubtless takes a special grace to establish the relationship by a species of spiritual introduction, a meeting in the way with the Queen in all her graciousness whom one has been pleased to contemplate chiefly through the medium of the intellect. "Behold thy Mother." Yes, then it was that the fact became spiritually vivifying, then it was that the neophyte learned to say his Hail Mary with the aspiration and reflection of a devout Catholic.

The Duke of Norfolk

SHANE LESLIE

THE passing of Henry, Duke of Norfolk, from the scene emphasizes more than ever the break which is taking place in England in matters both of Church and State. For more than fifty years he upheld the great title which made him equally the *doyen* of the English Peerage and the first Catholic layman in the British Empire. His position was lonely and unique. The respect and reverence which he commanded might be compared to that of Charles Carroll of Carrollton when he was the surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence as well as the leading Catholic in America. The position of the Duke as hereditary Earl Marshal was one which never allowed the Court to regard itself as wholly non-Catholic. Whatever King or Queen might be, the ace in the pack was always Catholic. In a country where all ceremonial, except religious, is zealously guarded, his position at royal coronations and funerals was a national one. Westminster Abbey was on such occasions officially under his orders and surveillance. At the last coronation it was his duty to marshal the procession, including a motley group of Anglican bishops, several of whom were wearing copes or substitutes for copes. One or two were without their "wedding garment." The Duke, having an eye for what was seemly and picturesque, hastily borrowed a decent cope or two from the neighboring Catholic authorities, and the dazzling scene proceeded!

His life was almost that of a recluse, for he admitted no intimates except his kinsfolk. Only on state occasions the British crowd learned to recognize the lonely but gorgeous figure which left the keep at Arundel to share in making a Cockney holiday. Peculiar and difficult his position was always, but he upheld it without trespassing either on his civil or ecclesiastical duties. He was the only link between the throne and the ancient Faith. Though it was necessary for him to stand by King Edward when the latter swore the offensive and blasphemous portion of the coronation oath, his tact was rewarded by the royal sympathy and the emendation of the wording at the next coronation.

To the public he was only a medieval figure, a supreme church warden and builder. In his largess to the Church he was munificent and magnificent. Apart from the unnumbered charities which his left hand was called upon to support without the knowledge of his right, he was an avowed church-builder in a materialized age and country. The delicate and lofty fane with which he crowned the town of Arundel forever proclaims to the South Saxons that one corner of Sussex is still set aside for Holy Church. In Norwich, the capital of Norfolk, he erected a church that is little less than a cathedral. The Oratory and Westminster he helped to build. To build churches he sold some of his finest pictures to the National Gallery. Unendowed with powers of eloquence or script he disheartened the Anglican schism by the

splendor of builded stone. If the old cathedrals could not be given back, he set out to build as great and beautiful again.

His private life was sad and spiritual. His only child by his first marriage, a son, was a helpless cripple, to whom he devoted himself for twenty years, refusing to marry again while his son lived. It required the combined influence of his father, "his cousin," Queen Victoria, and the Pope to prevent him at one time from entering the religious life. But he took up the most wearisome of duties instead, the perpetual patronage of Catholic charities and bazaars. His sense of duty held him to the wheel. He allowed himself no luxuries or pleasures out of his quarter of a million pounds of income. He raced neither horses nor yachts. His fortune was no temptation to him, for he despised it as he despised the gorgeous livery which it was his alone to wear at Court. In civil life he took pleasure in wearing shabby clothes and assuming a neglected aspect. In the Middle Ages he would have worn a hairshirt. In this age he wore the mockery of ill-fitting clothes. With quiet humor he once accepted a tip from a tourist to whom he had shown his grounds and allowed himself while leading the English national pilgrimage to Rome to be mistaken for Cook's agent.

He gladly accepted humiliation incurred in the course of duty. Though he came near to compromising England, when the so-called Italian Kingdom was her only friend, the Duke did not mince matters at Rome when he openly deplored the spoliation of the Church. "The Duke's indiscretion" was the subject of violent recrimination in the press and the cause of veiled apologies in diplomacy. To criticism he made no answer but went his way, giving always a self-sacrificing though stiff example to his fellow-Catholics. After his fashion he labored to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."

His lawsuits and his excursions abroad were typically unlike those generally accredited to the English aristocracy. When he traveled on the Continent it was not to Monte Carlo but to Rome, not to Paris but to Lourdes. This pathetic pilgrimage to Lourdes on behalf of his crippled son brought him an envenomed allusion in Zola's novel of that name. The great lawsuit of his life was not with Jew or money-lender, but with the Anglican Vicar of Arundel to recover possession of the Fitzalan Chapel in which his ancestors were buried. The courts gave him practically one-half of an Anglican building, which he walled off and restored to Catholic usage. It was an important ecclesiastical decision, as it admitted the break in Anglican continuity to the extent of a wall between the old Catholicism and the Elizabethan hybrid.

The Duke's selflessness and pure devotion to duty gave him the respect of friend and foe. At Rome his word on English affairs was weightier than a bishop's, except when he indulged in his political predilections. A solemn sense of duty seemed to account for his every public and

every private act. His public life was a constant endeavor to show that ultramontanism was compatible with patriotism. He resigned a comfortable place in the Cabinet in order to take a quixotic part in the South African War. Duty took him into politics, to Court, to war, to the platform and to church. Many who loved his religion detested his politics. Others who praised his politics detested his religion. But he went his way unflinchingly, accepting the kicks with the praise.

As an old Oratory boy the congenial duty fell to him of asking Leo XIII to make Newman a cardinal. When the matter seemed delayed, he went with Lord Ripon to invoke Manning's aid, which indeed Manning claimed was essential. Bluntly and frankly he asked Manning to request his rival's honor. As Manning still associated Newman with all that was liberal and opposed to him personally in English Catholicism, it was a hard task for the Duke, but it was perhaps harder for Manning to control his features. Lord Ripon used to describe the grim look which flashed in the great Ultramontane's face followed by an instantaneous change of expression as he realized when hard pressed that he could not wisely or honestly refuse to help Newman's promotion. He had already prepared the way by his private vindication of Newman's orthodoxy to the Pope, but it was undoubtedly the Duke of Norfolk who exerted the touch necessary to the result. To him in many indirect ways was due the gratitude of Catholics, but he lives in history as the Duke of Norfolk to whom Newman wrote his famous letter and through whom Newman reaped his earthly reward.

Down to the Sea in Ships

M. J. RIORDAN

IT is an axiom in Arizona that to know a man one must camp with him. With the sky for a roof, the stars for a lamp, pine-needles for a bed and a slab of bacon for forage, conventionality sloughs off and the soul stands naked to the moon. The grouch and the braggart are peeled to the hide. They cannot stand the food or the grind. The gentleman, though, nowhere shows truer mettle. He is cheerful, helpful and blooded, "a man to tie to," the cowboys say.

A week's voyage on a foreign steamer will do much the same to give an insight into a nation's characteristics. Such a boat is really a floating foreign town, governed by foreign officials, manned by a foreign crew, speaking a foreign language, and providing foreign service. It is a miniature of its nation.

Travel brings out national traits with distinctness. At home men are hemmed in by the customs of their neighborhood. Their activities are limited by a multitude of interests. They are provincial. On shipboard unfamiliar conditions prevail and as these are temporary by nature, conduct is apt to have less restraint than in ordinary life. The passenger will leave a good bit of his traditional habit on the dock, and will tread the deck in the largest personal and national dimension of which he is capable. If he be an Englishman on an English ship, he will be English through and through; if a Frenchman on a French boat, his soul will expand in the French atmosphere; if he be an Irishman, alas, he will be on an alien ship, but his soul has been made

cosmopolitan through suffering and will be happy if only it be at sea.

The American passenger on a foreign liner finds himself abroad once the lines are cast off. Before the Jersey shore fades away he will be wrestling with a strange tongue. If he uses the language of the ship he will be fortunate; if he have only a smattering of it he will be uneasy; if it be Greek to him he will scour his brain for foreign words of whatever language that have ever lodged there, and will piece them together in amazing sequences in the hope of making himself understood. He will realize before the ship is abreast of Coney Island that he is in a new world, and that the Stars and Stripes, his symbol of primacy, have somehow slipped from first to second or third or fourth magnitude in the hearts of many about him. He need not pass over three thousand miles of wave to reach a foreign land; it is under his feet when they touch the gang-plank.

I shall not soon forget a companion's disgust as he came to me before we had reached the lightship when sailing on a German boat, and reported that our cabin boy did not speak English. He said the wooden "nix furstay," as he caught it, would drive him mad. He could not realize before he had had several such shocks that he was landed in Germany.

In some respects a traveler gets a closer view of foreigners on their vessels than he can in their capitals. In Paris for instance, it will be likely that quarters frequented by Americans will have been provided for him by an agency in New York. This probably will be the course in Switzerland, Italy and Germany, and even in England the American will, with the instinct of the bee for the hive, find shelter with his countrymen, just to get away from the Cockney, he will say. It is possible to visit a foreign country and never to have a native word heaved directly at your particular ear. On shipboard it is different. You cannot dodge. Even if you stick fast to your berth the doctor, the nurse and the cabin boy will "nix furstay" your dearest hobbies. They will want you to eat when you think food is damnation; they will offer you drink, and such stuff, when another drop will seem as big to you as the whole drunken ocean; you may escape the foreigner at times in his own country, but at sea you must know him as he is. You must talk with him, walk with him, get sick with him, "and so following." The service will be according to his customs, not yours; you will join a group of good fellows in the smoking cabin and the language will be theirs, not yours. Stretched out on your deck-chair, your neighbor on the left will not understand your chummy remarks, while the dashing young lady to your right will counter your observation that "the air is glorious," with "Yees, sar, he var joli," whereat you will shrink into your rug with the groan, "O, if only she spoke English." There will be no cathedrals or galleries or monuments to Queen Victoria, or Louis XVI or Victor Emmanuel on shipboard, but the customs, language and manners of the people whose national flag floats at the peak will be always on deck.

In these days of warfare none but hardened sea-rovers embark for pleasure, nor may even they find ships to their taste. The choice of national liners is meager and the accommodation is more meager still. "Before the war" though, it was interesting for those who crossed the ocean several times to make trial in turn of at least an English, a German and a French carrier.

The American passenger on an English liner is never comfortable. It makes no difference how determined he was at the start to warm up to English ways, twenty-four hours out finds him chilled by the self-complacency of the passengers and crew. From commander to deck-boy the personnel of the ship is studiously obliging but icily distant. If he asks the name of the island to the leeward, he is given that bit of information and nothing more. There will be no romance woven about it. It will be Bloody Island. That is all. And the American will feel hot or hurt, but he will not be normal.

At table he will order his meal into a human dictaphone. He may take his time about it or he may be nervously precipitate; he may hum and haw appealingly between pommes à la Lexington and *pâtisserie à la Bohémienne*, but the instrument at his side will be blankly unhelpful. The only sign of consciousness will be the "Thenk you" at the end of the specifications for the meal. The dishes will be set down in the precise order in which they were called off into the machine, sweets first, soup last, if such was "nominated in the bond," and then the diner will be hotly conscious of a personality at his elbow who, like Buck Fanshaw, "knew his duty and done it." And so it will be at every phase of the voyage, capability and exact service everywhere, warmth and sociability nowhere. When the boat heaves in sight of the Scilly Rocks an American will be either maddened or subdued, and this will be his state at the end of his visit to England whether it be a month or a year or a lifetime. The atmosphere of the English ship is the atmosphere of England.

A trip on a French liner will be a decidedly different adventure. Embarking will be a holiday. There will be confusion on the gang-plank. Madame, in her gay colors, when half way up the narrow passage way will remember that she squeezed little Hortense in her arms only six separate times. That is unlucky. She must go back and make it an odd number. And so she reverses front and to the astonishment of men and angels breasts the tide that trails behind her. But it is taken in good part. She chatters "pardons" as she struggles through the press. The victims are smiles and bright remarks. She steps on Monsieur's corn. It is a pleasure to Monsieur. If there were time he would offer the other foot. At last the dancing Hortense is captured and wildly hugged for the mystic seventh time, and now the ship may sail in peace, and not a single Frenchman is impatient at the delay.

On board everything is life and color and light. The steamer sweeps past the Statue of Liberty, but not before the American has heard about Bartholdi, and the statue of Jeanne d'Arc on the Place de Rivoli, and the fine omelets to be had at the Café de la Paix, and much more of the history of France. The deck boy will have moved our traveler's chair no less than three times within the first two hours out just to give Monsieur the benefit of the sea air; the garçon at table will provide the meal to be eaten whether it is the one ordered or not; he knows very much better what the diner wants than the person does himself; the wine called for was not a suitable brand at all, so he will bring this other vintage that Monsieur never heard of, and that ties little kinks in his esophagus as it slips to its place. The First Officer promenades the deck and lounges about the salon with the air of a host beaming on his week-end guests. You are sure there is nothing you can ask permission of him to do that will not be granted with a bow and a smile; even the bridge might be your playground and the wheel your plaything were it not that so much responsibility is on his shoulders, and there are limits even to a French captain's power to please.

For a few days the American has the feeling that the whole ship's crew and company are off on a lark; care and business, sickness and gloom have all somehow become tangled up with the Christian Science doctrine concerning such things: they do not exist. And yet the engines throb and the wheel spins round and the ship ploughs on and on. Life and brightness are in full swing when our countryman goes to his cabin for the night; there are vivacious faces all about when he reappears in the morning. He wonders when these people sleep, and sleep they must, for their faces are always fresh and glad and their spirits are always high.

The American is puzzled by it all. He sees efficiency combined with lightness and joy, when, from his standpoint, efficiency should beget seriousness and hardness, which he will call "poise"; and given lightness and joy, confusion should show

itself, not efficiency. He does find this prolonged holiday is wearing on him. The lightness begins to take on the color of fussiness and the joy begins to turn sour. He is in France. After a month of it, how his soul will long to get away from the footlights, for if "all the world's a stage," France is the center of it.

On the steamer the prompter was always at our traveler's side. If he wanted water he got wine; if he wanted ham and eggs for breakfast, he got coffee and a brickbat; if he wanted quiet in the salon an unruly concert was off at a gallop; just what he did not want, the management always found to be good for him. It is the way of the Gallic blood, and the mystery of the compound of accomplishment and advice, disorder and light-heartedness on the liner is the riddle of the French people, which the American will never fully solve as long as the leopard keeps its spots.

If our traveler be lucky enough to make a third voyage to Europe, perhaps it will be on a German boat when they are plying again above seas. In all likelihood the Commander will be "bearded like the pard." There will be an air of power about him but withal of kindness and buoyancy. The ship cannot sink with him on board, and if by any mischance the voyager should pitch into the water he will feel that the mighty arm of the Viking Captain will bear him safely over the waves. He will be sure that he will not be the last to sink. There is a mightier soul on board than his own, under whose guidance the ship will make her port.

The minor officers, as become the prime in years, will have wide-spreading, upward-curled, Kaiserliche mustaches; while the serving men will be strapping hulks of youth, with bulky hands and feet that seem to be hung on to the ends of their arms and legs like anchor flukes; with pads of flaxen hair matted with water and pomade and pressed close to the scalps; with eyes of heaven's own blue and complexions as fair as a maiden's, and glowing with blushes even to the tips of the outstanding ears, upon the approach of officer or passenger. These apprentices are as delightful as sprawling vegetables freshly drawn from the earth. They are irresistible, anxious to serve, anxious to help, and ready to burst into flame at a word or a look.

The attitude of the ship's company will be one of ready service in return for the consideration you have dropped into the exchequer of the owners of the boat. You will not be made to feel that it is a privilege to be a passenger, but your right; nor will it seem to you that it is necessary to accept the German nation as a guide because you have selected passage under the double eagle. You will be your own master to an alarming extent; and you can get what you want without a fight or a snub, and there will be no one at your ear to suggest that Muenchener is better for your health than champagne. There is no place on earth or at sea where personal freedom is wider than on a German steamer and where passenger and crew mingle together with less restraint. With all respect to American gibes concerning the fearsome *Verboten* placard of the Germans, there is not the slightest interference with decent conduct on their ships. They give manly service; they are not fussy; there is an evident desire to make their passengers comfortable, but there is neither stiffness, aloofness, nor annoying familiarity. They seem to have struck the golden mean. That is why so many travelers have found a German liner the pleasantest to sail in.

It is to be hoped that the day is not distant when once again the American traveler without fear of mine or cannon or submarine, "may go down to the sea in ships" and may touch elbows with the service and courtesy and efficiency of the three great nations who are now dyeing the soil and the wave with the blood of their brothers and our brothers, for we are all, English and French and Germans and Americans, children of the same Father in heaven, who is Lord of the land and of the sea.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Julianne

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The days of chivalry must indeed be past, laments my gallant husband as he reads Julianne's severe critics. Toasting the ladies in a glass of his favorite Madeira, he says, "The gods made but two things perfect, a woman and a rose." While occasionally he might call the Percyes scalawags, the rosebud garden of girls remains for him the most beautiful thing in creation. He says, "Let Julianne go her own sweet way, and let unmannerly cubs stop snarling at the little lambs, whom God must love, because, like Lincoln's common people, He made so many of them."

Palm Beach.

O. L.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In behalf of Julianne let an Irishman quote kindly Dick Steele (*The Tatler*, London, 1709): "See how good and innocent and beautiful women are, how tender young girls. Let us love these and one another, brother,—God knows we have need of love and pardon." The finest compliment in the English language, which he paid Lady Elizabeth Hastings, applies to the Julianne I know, and whom I hope to marry: "Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her is a liberal education." Would it point a moral or adorn a tale to remind your readers that the "Book of Leinster" contained rules of chivalry long before chivalry was introduced into England or on the Continent, and these rules were pre-Christian?

Bally Murphy, Ireland.

E. G. B.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Hats off to Miss Julianne, say my boys, who of late on her account fight to see who gets AMERICA first. Since that sweet young girl stepped in to brighten your pages, interest in your valued review, formerly confined to us elders, has deepened in our boys. Percy, too, interesting if not wholly edifying, comes in for attention and discussion.

Chivalrous father, who thinks all the fair sex angels, and who is the companion of his sons, has the highest appreciation of Julianne. He senses the fact that while thoroughly modern, she does not think modesty and delicacy old-fashioned. Our boys, honored to dance, golf and motor with her, find that the stamp of breeding, given by convent training, penetrates to a heart full of high ideals and a childlike love of God and neighbor. Her endearing young charm never appears to better advantage than in the evenings when she lights father's after-dinner cigar and sings for him the immortal mélodies of his native land. Her days brim with blessed usefulness and kindness. Discriminating against social distractions of doubtful propriety, she is looked up to by the local "400" as simply above the vulgarity rampant in their midst. At her request, modestly and gracefully made, for she is a fearless Catholic, the house committee of the influential Golf Club removed from its walls a valuable painting caricaturing two monks. Never but once did I hear a harsh word from her sweet lips. In righteous indignation said my dear Lady Disdain: "I despise that chap. His name is Patrick and he calls himself Packy."

With lots of admirers, fond of fun and girlish excitement, this Julianne knows where to draw the line. Old and young agree that St. Ursula's training makes for charm and the grace of womanliness. On dark days, when her father alludes to bills, she quotes St. Francis de Sales, who advised a penitent to be the best dressed of her circle in Paris, that city of beau-

tiful, holy *grandes dames*. Truth compels me to add that the big Christmas check for Julianne's ermine was cashed not by the furrier, but by the little sister at St. Anne's Day Nursery.

Pittsburgh.

M. C. M.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems to me that Miss Julianne le Bluff and her companions, "fifty strong," should not need to invite anyone to clear their "good name"; they should be able to fill the rôle of Don Quixote themselves. Let them dry their tears and repeat once more their pretty chorus, "AMERICA, I love thee." Then, with all the courage they showed in protesting against Dr. Coakley, let them set to work and follow the example of the Children of Mary mentioned by Miss Blakely. Since their broken hearts are so tender, the Juliannes must have a little pity for the poor children on whom they might exercise their charity. If Dr. Coakley's general confession was unfounded, why not prove it so? Had Julianne been able to state as many facts as Miss Blakely, would a Don Quixote be needed?

Nicolet, Canada.

PERCY DUMON.

Did St. Augustine Say It?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for January 20, Dr. O'Malley stated in his reply to a critic that "St. Augustine began a tradition, which lasted for nearly a thousand years, and he was very dogmatic in his assertion, namely, that the earth is flat." The same statement is made by the late Dr. John W. Draper in his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," on page 233 of the fourth edition, published in New York, 1865, where it is said that "St. Augustine asserts that it is impossible there should be inhabitants on the opposite side of the earth." Some years ago the present writer comforted himself with the thought that he had sifted pretty thoroughly the main views of the patristic age on cosmogony, and he published proofs, which he believes still hold good, in refutation of the opinion that St. Augustine ever taught that "the earth is flat." He wonders at seeing the same old charge against the Saint, borrowed apparently from Dr. Draper's much vaunted "Age of Reason," cropping out in the twentieth century.

Can it be, he asks himself, that Dr. O'Malley has been led by Dr. Draper or some other of the numerous scientific fiction-weavers, into spreading old-time yarns to the discredit of patristic wisdom? Dr. Draper, who, thanks to the more critical spirit in the world of science and letters today, has been fully discredited outside his special field, was wont to rely, as many of his pages show, on half-sifted evidence; he not infrequently failed to verify his authorities. But is it not permissible in the interests of historic fact to ask what documentary evidence there is for the assertion that St. Augustine really held that "the earth is flat"? Such documentary evidence, if forthcoming, would be of inestimable value to patristic students. Is Dr. O'Malley sure of his ground? Can he supply us with the Saint's own words on the matter? Can he name the book or treatise, with the chapter and verse, wherein St. Augustine declares that "the earth is flat"?

Villanova, Pa.

T. C. M.

Cardinal Manning and O'Donnell.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The author of the recent article in AMERICA, "Cardinal Manning as I Knew Him," was an intimate friend of the present writer for at least forty years. Perhaps a few additional items concerning him may be interesting to your readers. In 1877, when the general election was pending, Frank Hugh O'Donnell arrived

in Dungarvan, County Waterford, better known as the "Old Borough," on account of its active support of Catholic emancipation. He was a candidate for the British Parliament and was nominated by a majority of votes, thus defeating Henry Matthews, later Lord Llandaff, an English gentleman and a Tory Catholic, who styled Home Rule a "dead horse." As an "M. P." O'Donnell was Parnell's lieutenant, and in scholarship was *facile princeps* of all the Irish party. His eloquence was of a distinguished, vigorous and attractive type. His was the celebrated toast, proposed at a Parnell banquet, "Ireland, a Nation," which, from a Nationalist standpoint, left nothing to be desired.

After the adjournment of the English Parliament in 1880, he visited the "Old Borough," and naturally called at the residence of the Nationalist secretary in Grattan Square. Among the subjects that came up in the conversation was the name of Cardinal Manning, and during the course of other remarks about the eminent churchman, O'Donnell communicated to those present an interesting bit of Irish history, not generally known. He said that the Cardinal had nominated him, O'Donnell, for the Presidency of the Catholic University. He had been defeated, however, by English Catholics on the ground of his being a "Home Ruler." The manner in which Cardinal Manning had treated social problems, such as the dock laborers' strikes and the housing of the poor, had commanded the highest praise, one of the evidences of which was the fact that the name of the Cardinal on committee lists was given precedence over that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The English "Protestant Alliance" vigorously protested in a letter addressed to the then Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. A reply from his secretary brought out the fact that the precedence accorded the Cardinal "was by command of his Royal Highness."

As contrasted with Cardinal Newman, the great Oratorian, who was practically a recluse, influencing his own and subsequent generations by his imperishable writings and leading them into the Church by his tireless pen, Cardinal Manning stands out in men's minds as a man of comprehensive humanitarianism and of active participation in everything that concerned the interests of the Church. It is much to be desired that a true reflex of his life will soon be forthcoming, to make up for the many shortcomings of the inept biography which we owe to Purcell.

Oakland, Cal.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

Ireland's Snake-legend

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What is the origin of the legend that credits St. Patrick with banishing the snakes from Ireland? There is no doubt about the existence of the legend. "The Book of Days" records it, one meets frequent references to it, and many church windows are perpetuating it. Can it be that the legend arose from the fact that St. Patrick fought, overcame, and banished the demons from Ireland, and that in time the demon came to be confounded with the serpent?

Kern, Cal.

A. I. IKIN.

Questions Concerning Prohibition

To the Editor of AMERICA:

That W. U. F. was "very much surprised" at the statement that wine is a God-given gift, according to his letter in AMERICA of January 6, is not to be doubted; the amazing thing is that he and others equally innocent of the prohibition question feel free to "participate in a discussion" of the problem. He complains that his "well-educated and intelligent" Catholic opponent failed to produce evidence of the fact that "God had given this gift to mankind." Allow me to submit the proof.

To begin with, God is the author of the law of fermentation,

without which no distiller or brewer could manufacture wine or beer. In Deuteronomy xiv: 26, God gives specific permission to the Israelites to spend money for wine and strong drink: "And thou shalt buy with the same money whatsoever pleaseth thee, either of the herds, or of sheep, wine also and strong drink, and all that thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, and shalt feast, thou and thy house." Again, in Ecclesiastes xi: 7, God gives the permission to drink wine and offers the wine as a reward for righteousness: "Go then, and eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with gladness; because thy works please God."

The New Testament likewise offers proof of the fact that although John the Baptist was a total abstainer, Christ Himself drank wine (Luke vii: 32-33). "For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and you say: He hath a devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking, and you say: Behold a man that is a glutton and a drinker of wine, a friend of publicans and sinners" (St. Luke vii: 32-33). The second chapter of St. John recounts the first miracle, the changing of water into wine at the wedding feast of Cana. The host provided wine. Our Blessed Mother made known to her Divine Son the fact that the wine had been exhausted. Instead of rebuking her for making known the demand for more wine, He performed the miracle and ordered that it be given to the ruler of the feast.

W. U. F. says that he has been under the impression that the wine used at Cana was unfermented wine. He has, however, nothing but his "impression." There was no demand for grape juice in those days. The duty of the ruler of the feast was to change from strong to weak wine, hence his remark that the wine furnished by Christ was better than what had preceded it. If the wine was not better and stronger wine, if indeed it had been grape juice, there would have been no need for Christ to order that it be carried to the chief steward of the feast. (See AMERICA, November 20, 1915.) We have the testimony of the Lord Himself that the wine which the Jews used was intoxicating: "The Lord also said to Aaron: You shall not drink wine, nor anything that makes you drunk, thou nor thy sons, when you enter into the tabernacle of the testimony, lest you die, because it is an everlasting precept through your generations" (Lev. x: 8-9). The wine spoken of in Judges ix: 13, "My wine that cheereth God and men," was certainly something more than unfermented grape juice.

Let me quote the following from a multitude of Bible quotations, to convince W. U. F. that his friend was right, and that God approved the use of wine: "The Lord bringeth forth grass for cattle, and herb for the service of men: that thou mayest bring bread out of the earth, and that wine may cheer the heart of man" (Ps. cii: 14-15); Isaac, blessing his son Jacob, said: "God give thee of the dew of heaven, and of the fat of the earth, abundance of corn and wine" (Gen. xxvii: 28); "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and give Him the first of all thy fruit. And thy barn shall be filled with abundance, and thy presses shall run over with wine" (Prov. iii: 9-10); "And I say to you: I will not drink from henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it with you new in the kingdom of my Father" (St. Matt. xxvi: 29). St. Paul taught the people to partake of the gifts of God with thanksgiving. "For," he wrote, "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be rejected that is received with thanksgiving" (I Tim. iv: 4). He even enjoined on his beloved disciple, the good Bishop Timothy, to drink wine: "Do not still drink water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thy frequent infirmities" (I Tim. v: 23).

Drunkenness, of course, is condemned by all, including St. Paul. But the fallacy of prohibition consists in the fact that it makes no distinction between the use and the abuse of liquor.

I. T. MARTIN.
New York.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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The Lesson of the Twenty-Second

DEEPER in this year of impending trial than at any time since 1861 is the significance which every American citizen finds in the birthday of the Father of his Country. In 1916, as for years past, we thanked God that we were at peace. One year later, we pray the God of nations and the merciful Father of all men, that this peace so long enjoyed may be preserved with justice. Unless in that Divine Providence brighter days await the world, the flag that now floats in tranquillity and the sureness of national honor, over a land at peace, may soon know the attack of a foreign foe. Today in every American city thousands are marching, recalling the memory of Washington. Of these men, many know by cruel experience what war means. But in the hearts of all, is an apprehension, half-confessed, but not in weakness or in cowardice, that the music which today thrills them, may soon deepen into martial notes quickening the pulses of a fighting regiment on the march.

This is not the time for the swashbuckler who would rush into war without counting the cost, nor for the counsels of those timid factions, determined on peace even at the cost of national dishonor. War is not a game, either for those who go or for those who remain. It means sacrifice, as it meant sacrifice to the great man who led to victory the tattered, starving armies of the thirteen Colonies. Today, with the advance of luxurious living, the cost will be greater. But that the sacrifice will be made by every American, and gladly, if in the decrees of God war may not be averted, no one acquainted with the temper of the American people can doubt.

No man who loves justice, who is careful for the interests of humanity, who has due regard for the rightful claims of his country, can invoke war lightly. It is the last weapon, yet a weapon that can be unsheathed in a sacred cause. But if war comes, it will find a people united in the defense of a flag and a nation that has never courted contention, but has ever held death in a just cause preferable to dishonor.

The State and the Confessional

UNDER the strain and stress of war many foolish things are said and done by people who are ordinarily quite reasonable. An illustration in point is contained in the following dispatch taken from the *New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser* for February 7:

There are no secrets from the State in war time. Lawyers, doctors, priests in the confessional, all are included in the phrase "person or persons of any class or description," who must tell on demand, under the British Defense of the Realm Act. The issue has been pointedly raised in Ireland, where the military authorities have arrested a lawyer, H. O. Moran, and his client, James Ryan, for refusing to state how certain documents read in a Limerick law case came into their possession.

In a statement justifying the position of Parliament in abolishing the hitherto inviolable secrecy which has surrounded the relations of lawyer and client, doctor and patient, or priest and parishioner, Sir William Bull, one of the leading legal lights of the House of Commons, says:

The safety and defense of the realm override everything. There can be no question of privileges or customs intervening in a matter essential to the welfare of the State. Doctors and priests are under exactly the same obligations as lawyers, to give information to the competent military authority who demands it.

Many prominent people have already discovered how very extensive are the powers of the executive authorities under the war-time laws. Nothing has appeared in the newspapers, or could appear, about certain occurrences, of which sensational stories may perhaps be told after the war. People have been called upon to reveal all sorts of things which they never expected to have to account for.

These are easy words and rather too lightly spoken. For although it is true that both doctor and lawyer may, under grave and extraordinary circumstances, reveal professional secrets, yet, the priest may never, without the penitent's permission, make known by word or action, anything that falls under the sacred seal of the confessional. The secrets of the tribunal of penance are in a class apart from all others, and the obligation of the confessor towards them is such that a betrayal of confidence on his part is simply unthinkable, a crime that, in the words of Gratian, would make him a "life-long, ignominious wanderer" over the face of the earth.

Enlightened, unprejudiced States recognize these truths and permit no attempt to coerce confessors into testifying. But if, perchance, a government should overreach itself and make the outrageous demand for information received through sacramental confession, it would, in the words of the venerable Father Bernard Vaughan, spoken to a reporter of the London *Daily Despatch*, achieve as a net result nothing at all.

If the military or police tried on what is suggested, they would no more succeed than if they tried to open a safe with an oyster knife. There is only one man on earth who could give the confessor leave to speak about the secret committed to him, and that is the penitent himself. The Pope has no more jurisdiction in the matter than the policeman on the beat round the corner. So hermetically sealed is a confession made to a priest that once the confession is done the priest cannot refer to what has been said to him "under the seal," even to the penitent himself without the latter's complete sanction. Suppose you had just come from my confessional box, and I wanted to emphasize something I had forgotten, I could not reopen the matter without asking your leave to do so. A secret dropped into the ear of a priest under the seal is like a stone dropped in mid-ocean. It is gone.

And this picturesque language expresses the doctrine and practice of priests in regard to the secret of the confessional.

Glasses, Blue and Rose-Colored

BETWEEN the opinions of the pessimist with dark-blue glasses astride his peaked nose, and the optimist, blandly smiling at a world that appears most lovely, there is not much to choose. Perhaps the actual truth may be obtained by striking a balance. It is a bit difficult, for instance, to accept the judgment made some days ago by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, that "broadly considered, our civilization has been a failure." The indictment seems ill-considered; but in tracing the causes why civilization has not raised us immeasurably above the Alaskan igloo and the African kraal, Dr. Parkhurst lays aside his blue glasses for clear vision. We have discarded religion in favor of "science," and this alleged "science" has proven utterly inadequate. We made our schools gymnasiums for the intellect, but took little thought for the far more important work of character-building. Hence

our hope is not in our schools. Our schools foster intellect, but they do not breed goodness. Within three weeks I heard the president of our city Board of Education acknowledge that our public school teachers are not selected with a view to their being character-builders, and are employed without anyone knowing whether or not they are able to undertake such service.

Nor does the future hold out a brighter prospect. Referring to the proposed reformation of the schools by the Rockefeller General Board, Dr. Parkhurst notes that "the two men who have undertaken it, are distinguished for nothing, so far as I can learn, but intellectuality," and, it may be added, for the "intellectuality" that is shallow and presumptuous rather than deep and solid. These men do not realize

that there are values besides those which exist in things that can be touched. Life consists in a great deal besides making a living, and the ability to go from the cradle to the grave without passing through the poor house and being buried in the potter's field. We are not objecting to brains, but brains do not furnish the basis on which can be raised a structure of undivided social or national reform.

The Rockefellers with their millions are not the first to glorify the purely secular school. They are antedated many centuries by Julian the Apostate. Nor will they be the last. Between religion and secularism, God and His enemy, there can be no compromise, no peace.

The Obedient Anarchists

ON February 11, the children of the Ferrer school held an entertainment in a Masonic hall in New York. This school is not named for St. Vincent Ferrer, who was a "constructive" worker and thinker, but for Francisco Ferrer, the anarchist executed some years ago by the Spanish Government. Few public gatherings are subjected to the cautions, admonitions, and beratings of the number and nature applied to this meeting by the chairman, Leonard D. Abbot, an associate of Alexander Berkman, Emma Goldman, Ben Reitman, and other acknowledged leaders of "thought." It cannot be that the audience did not know how to behave itself, for it was made up, as one speaker announced, of "people who think and people who see." The only legitimate conclusion is that the chairman desired to show them, in the language of the day, "who was boss."

This is sufficiently amusing as an illustration of anarchy applied to anarchists, but it was left to a little pupil of the school to exemplify, with the unconscious aid of Comrade Abbot and a Ferrer teacher, the school's disbelief in the value of its own professions. The child, "speaking a piece," asks a soldier if he does not think it a terrible thing to murder innocent men, and to make homeless orphans. Instead of inquiring into the sanity of his questioner, the soldier answers, "I don't *think*; I only *obey*," and to avoid misconception, kindly and accurately stresses the antithetical words. After a series of similar questions, met by the same answer, the child concluded with the declaration, "I don't obey, I don't obey; I *think*."

The wild applause subsiding, Comrade Abbot advanced, center, to thank whatever gods there be, that in the Ferrer school, "we teach not obedience, but thought." By this speech were the first sods lifted for the Comrade's grave. He was succeeded by a small cantatrice, but the noise made by the Ferrer children in the wings was enough to disturb more than the grace-notes of the singer, who was displaying a highly commendable obedience to the laws of harmony. Yet, Comrade Abbot was equal to all the duties of a chairman. "Sh-h-h!" he hissed, admonishing if not minatory, in the direction of the wings. "Sh-h-h!" he repeated, like a leaky steam pipe, doing his best to teach the Ferrer children obedience. But these youngsters had learned their lesson well. "Thinking" they had a right to talk, they exercised it, heedless of the singer. Not until the first pause, were the principles of this famous school thrown utterly to the winds by the abrupt command of the lady at the piano. In tones quite as decided as any ever heard in

schools which teach obedience, she ordered silence. "Now, keep still," she bade, and her voice throbbed with unspoken warnings, "keep still."

Here reason tottered, thought was carried out for burial, and Comrade Abbot must have wept at the anti-climax to his prideful speech, "we teach not obedience, but thought." The children, no doubt, had "thought" about the Comrade's just command, and found it wanting in reason. The Comrade and the pianist thereupon applied the remedy. It was Aristotle who said that for those who will not be guided by right reason, and in his opinion, these were many, we need the coercive sanction of law. The pianist of the Ferrer school, whatever her professions, agrees with Aristotle. So too does Comrade Abbot.

Attacking Free Speech

A DEEP dark dent has again been dealt the venerable and sacred palladium of free speech. It happened in New York, when Count Ilya Tolstoy announced that he would give an address at a local private university. On its part, the university announced that Count Ilya would do nothing of the sort. Thereupon the customary cries arose. Fully conscious of the tremendous value of his "message," the Count said melodramatically, that he "was not angry at the university, but only sorry for it." Next, a body of youths, styling themselves "The International Club," published a series of resolutions, stating that the university's ban on the Count was "a bold and dangerous encroachment upon, and an intolerable curtailment of, that liberty of thought and freedom of action which is said to characterize America." Much more of the same kind of rant came from happy undergraduates who engaged in controversy simply "for the joy of a blooming row," and from professors old enough to know better. At intervals, however, a still, small voice made itself heard; it was the voice of the president of the institution. "We have too many people coming to this university and making speeches," said the harassed president. "It has got to stop. Some people have the idea that this university is a sort of public forum or lyceum, where anyone may come and talk. Not so."

The general public will allow that the president is in the right. The university in question is just as much a private institution as is Miss Smith's Finishing School for Young Ladies, a boys' club, a fraternal organization, or your own home. Speakers do not obtrude themselves upon such establishments, but appear on invitation. Count Ilya, if he so wishes, and supposing that he is prepared to pay the rent, may hire a hall and talk to his lungs' content. Free speech does not obligate a private institution or an individual, to supply him with a free hall. Securing his own forum, no one will be minded to interfere with the freedom of his speech, as long as he keeps within the limits of the law. The Russian gentleman has forgotten that other people have rights

as well as himself. His right to talk does not imply a right to make a nuisance of himself by inflicting his discourse upon those who do not wish to hear it. Like many others in this country, the value of whose "message" is in an inverse ratio to the boldness with which it is enunciated, Count Ilya Tolstoy seems to be suffering from an aggravated case of exaggerated *Ego*.

A Good Insurance Policy

LAST month the Rev. Harry Wilson, the editor of the *American Catholic*, a Protestant Episcopal journal published at Los Angeles, was received into the Church. In the course of an excellent letter which he wrote to explain his step to the readers of his paper, he said that the last General Convention's refusal to amend the "Divorce Canon" which permits remarriage after divorce was the first thing that shook his confidence in his position, and led him to consider whether "the Episcopal Church were truly a part of the Holy Catholic Church." His subsequent study of the question brought Mr. Wilson to the following conclusions:

The Primitive Church was undoubtedly infallible, because Our Lord promised the guidance of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to His Church; also the decrees of Ecumenical Councils are certainly the Voice of the Holy Ghost, for St. James said at the Council of Jerusalem "it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us" (Acts xv:28).

Our Lord also promised that the Holy Spirit should abide with His Church forever (St. John xiv:16). Consequently the true Church must be just as infallible now as it was in the early ages, and must speak infallibly through its Councils now, as it did then.

To believe that the Church has been split into three parts, teaching different doctrines as the truth, as, for instance, on the subject of the Papacy, is to believe that the Holy Spirit has ceased to guide the Church into all truth; that the Church has ceased to be infallible and that the Holy Ghost has ceased to speak through its Councils.

Since the separation of the Greeks in the eleventh century the Roman Church has continuously claimed to be the Holy Catholic Church, and that her Councils, twelve in number, held since the separation, are Ecumenical.

Consequently, the conviction is forced upon me that the Church has not been divided; that the Greek and Anglican Communions are not parts of the true Church; that the Roman Church is the true Church through whose Councils the Holy Ghost speaks.

Then the only logical step for Mr. Wilson to take was to place himself under instruction with a view to entrance into the Church. That is just what he did. Naturally such an act of imprudence on Mr. Wilson's part filled his sometime co-religionists with doubt, hesitation and pain. The *Living Church* comments kindly enough on the minister's conversion but finds the causes "not intellectual but psychological—as they generally are; and psychological causes are not shaken by appeals to reason or even to authority." What these mysterious "psychological causes" were another Protestant Episcopal jour-

nal, the *Churchman*, deliberately insinuates when it remarks that Mr. Wilson "suffered severe financial reverses as the result of the great fire at Avalon last year," and then observes with as much shrewdness as sweetness: "It is charitable to suppose that the resulting cares and anxiety have led him to look Romeward for relief."

The comments made by these two weeklies on Mr. Wilson's "Farewell Letter," it is clear, are only what were to be expected. As one of the most striking "notes" of Episcopalianism is a hopelessly illogical habit of mind, the conversion of every clear-headed person from Cardinal Newman to Mr. Harry Wilson, who first reasons himself out of Queen Elizabeth's church

and then receives the grace of entering the Church founded by Christ, is generally assigned to "psychological causes" of various kinds. As for the *Churchman's* ill-natured jibe, it is of course a "matter of common knowledge" that Rome's bursting coffers are so generously thrown open to indigent converts from Episcopalianism, that Mr. Wilson, like many other Protestant ministers who have entered the Church, will now be a millionaire. The "charitable" *Churchman* seems to believe that Mr. Wilson, unbalanced in mind, as he obviously is, by the temporal losses he suffered in the Avalon conflagration, fondly hopes by becoming a "Romanist," to insure himself effectively against eternal loss by fire. Well, no doubt he does.

Literature

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY VICTORIAN

READ one of the late Mr. William De Morgan's novels and a haunting sense of the author's personality pursues you from beginning to end. He is forever stepping out of the printed page, jostling his characters, laughing at them or at you, now delightfully droll and whimsical, now absurdly provoking. One idly wonders what sort of a man this De Morgan is who has so ably revivified the spirit of the masters of English fiction and clothed it in garments of his own devising. Your imagination will picture him as a young man or as a man well on in middle life,—a cynic, a Socialist, a kind-hearted philanthropist—it all depends on your temperament and the part of the book you happen to be reading. But what you are not prepared for is that this old-young, kindly-cynical person has completed the Psalmist's allotment of years, and that he did not discover his forte until after the age of sixty. Such is the case, however. Mr. De Morgan was successively art-student, designer of stained-glass windows, and manufacturer of artistic pottery. This is his life history up to his sixty-fourth year. At this age he wrote his first novel, "Joseph Vance."

And what a novel for the twentieth-century reading public, accustomed to tabloid fiction with the bang start and the snap finish. "Joseph Vance," "an ill-written biography" as the sub-title has it, with its 280,000 words seemed like a specter from a bygone age. People took up the book as they would a prehistoric bird, examined it curiously, superciliously, and smiled at its quaint conceits. But strange to say, as they kept on reading, they found that even in these days of speed, they could appreciate the delicate aroma of an early Victorian romance which progressed along at a leisurely rate, with shocking disregard apparently of our modern notions of the value of time. Contrary to all expectations, "Joseph Vance" on its appearance in 1904 achieved a great success; William De Morgan at the age of sixty-four was hailed as one of England's most promising writers.

Six other novels have followed "Joseph Vance," none of them quite the equal in literary merit to his first; three of the latest, decidedly inferior. Mr. De Morgan, like a good host, served us his best and rarest vintage first. In his four early novels, "Joseph Vance," "Alice-for-Short," "Somehow Good," "It Never Can Happen Again," there is a very striking similarity of method followed. In general, Mr. De Morgan is weak in technique and plot, but strong in portraiture. The beginnings of his novels while entirely *sui generis*, are excellent and well worth

study. There is bound to be action in the first few pages and action of a gripping sort. In three of the four novels mentioned, the story opens in the London slums; in "Somehow Good" we get at least a glimpse of the "submerged tenth" early in the first chapter. And these scenes in the unsavory back alleys of the great English metropolis are pictured with a skill that even Dickens seldom surpassed; the realistic touch has a more modern note that perhaps in our day is more appealing.

A remarkable feature in all our author's books is the lack of courtship scenes. When Mr. De Morgan does attempt them, he is not successful. But in his pictures of domestic felicity, of love after marriage, he is unsurpassed. Sir Rupert and Lady Johnson, Christopher Vance and his wife, Fenwick and Rosalind are all middle-aged couples saved from being humdrum by the magic of his pen. Mr. De Morgan's faults lie mainly in the weakness of his endings and the lack of probability in many of his incidents. But the people, great and small, that crowd his canvases are real flesh and blood that talk in the most natural way in the world—not always brilliantly, sometimes jerkily, disconnectedly, sometimes in a tiresome fashion. But that, as Mr. De Morgan frequently reminds us with considerable complacency, is just the way you and I talk outside of books.

His novels are preeminently English; we have glowing pictures of the Englishman and the Englishwoman of all classes and all ages. Perhaps his greatest triumph is the delineation of the English workingman, Christopher Vance. But his most appealing, certainly most amusing characters are the street urchins of both genders. What wonderfully vivid personalities all his young people are, the quaint little Nipper, Joey Vance, Alicia or Alice-for-Short with her ever delightful lisp, and last but not least, Lizarann and the terrible Bridgetticks.

Mr. De Morgan's women are for the most part good women, not superwomen like some of the early Victorian heroines, but just ordinarily good women, lovable in spite of their faults, perhaps because of them, women like our own mothers and sisters, delightfully human. Lossie Thorpe, Janey Spencer, Alicia, and Charlie's sister are characters that deserve fitting places in memory's gallery beside Dickens' Agnes, George Eliot's Maggie Tulliver and Dinah, Thackeray's Amelia and Laura. Indeed, I do not know of a more wonderful sister in fiction than Charlie's sister in "Alice-for-Short," an essentially human character with a wealth of tact and sympathy. The love of this brother and sister is idyllic and is one of Mr. De Morgan's most perfect pieces of craftsmanship.

His men, whole-souled, hearty Britishers, are bluff often enough exteriorly but they all have great, warm, human hearts, just the kind of people you would like to ask for a contribution to your pet charity. Dr. Thorpe deserves a niche beside Colonel Newcombe; he is Mr. De Morgan's finest gentleman. Charlie Heath and Joseph Vance, chivalrous, knightly souls, *sans peur et sans reproche*, have few superiors among the young men of English literature. Villains are scarce in these novels, although there are not a few drunkards and weaklings together with one or two really hard women of the Becky Sharpe type. The difference here between Thackeray and De Morgan is that you can't help liking Becky at least occasionally, but you thoroughly despise the adventuress, Lavinia Straker, and the unscrupulous Judith. Mr. De Morgan never fails to treat crime and sin with a reticence that is truly Victorian.

His books are as crowded as the cinema-screen with a host of minor characters, all breathing and pulsating with life. Who can forget the garrulous, scandal-mongering "other" Major, or the matter-of-fact German baron, who when a lady remarks: "How sweet the singing sounds under the starlight," corrects her with the observation: "It would sound just the same in the taydime. The fibrations are the same." But the interest in De Morgan's novels is not in the working out of the plot; rather it is the author's ever-present, ever-delightful personality. He is continually intruding himself in true Thackerayan strain without perhaps the occasional cynicism of the great Victorian.

Mr. De Morgan's novels are more nearly an encyclopedia of life than many greater books. His rambling conversational methods bring in a wealth of unnecessary detail that provokes the wrath of modern readers; but, after all, is not life one kaleidoscopic mass of humdrum monotonous details? Events happen in his books casually and unpremeditatedly; but so do they in life.

His methods diverge in many points from the works of the great classicists, while resembling them in many respects. His humor, less exaggerated than Dickens', has a delicacy of touch that is rare. His pathos, too, sounds a note that is true and deep, free from all mawkishness. The description of blind Jim, the "Asker," who has never seen his little lass, Lizarann, whom he loves so well, is most moving. So, too, the death of Christopher Vance.

The wholesomeness of his men and women and his reticent treatment of the violations of the moral code are welcome features though slightly *passe* in these days of adulterous heroines and sensual heroes. Catholics may perhaps quarrel with an occasional trace of bigotry that would perhaps pass unheeded in Scott or Thackeray, but which jars on us in these modern days. A disagreeable example of it is found in "It Never Can Happen Again." Still it can by no means be said that he attempts anywhere to inculcate irreligion or irreverence; indeed, often enough Mr. De Morgan seems to express belief in God and the immortality of the soul, and that is something in an indifferent age. Dr. Thorpe, one of the most lovable characters, says, "The highest good is the growth of the soul and the greatest man is he who rejoices most in great fulfilments of the will of God."

All in all, William De Morgan has made a notable contribution to English fiction; a contribution that should be welcome not only to lovers of literature but also to those *laudatores temporis acti* who look longingly back at the day when reticence had not been repealed and "sex o'clock" had not struck. To those who have been nauseated at the ever-increasing prevalence of the sensuous strain in modern fiction, Mr. De Morgan's novels are, on the whole, a refreshing contrast. He may not have many imitators, he may not be an initiator of the renaissance of wholesome fiction, but at any rate he has sounded a successful note of challenge and protest that perhaps may not pass unheeded by modern readers and writers.

FELIX HAYDEN.

REVIEWS

A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By His Eminence, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. Two Vols. \$2.00.

This collection of reminiscences, sermons, and addresses by the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, who is the only surviving Father of the Vatican Council and who has been a bishop longer than any prelate now living, cannot fail to be full of interest to every American, whether within or without the Fold, whom Cardinal Gibbons's numerous writings, high dignity or attractive personality have made his friends or admirers. Born in 1834, ordained in 1861, consecrated bishop in 1868, created cardinal in 1886, the author of these volumes can truly say:

I have lived a long time, and I have lived through a very critical time. Not only have I held office many years, but I have held office during a time of transition, when the old order was changed. There are few Americans living now who can remember the things which I can. I followed Mr. Lincoln's dead body in procession when it was brought to this city; I have seen every President since his death and have known most of them personally; I was a grown man and a priest during the Civil War, when it seemed as if our country were to be permanently divided. Very few people now living have seen the country in such distress as I have seen it. But I have lived, thank God, to see it in wonderful prosperity and to behold it grown into one of the great powers of the earth.

No part of this work is more interesting than the Cardinal's account of the Vatican Council. He himself was the youngest bishop there, and wrote to the *Catholic World* from Rome a series of papers vividly describing the leading prelates who were present, the method of procedure and the important sessions of the Council. The friends of labor will read with special interest the chapter that tells how the author made the true character of the Knights of Labor understood at Rome and so prevented their condemnation as a secret society. Benighted folk who still believe that the Catholic Church is a menace to American institutions should read carefully the patriotic articles that complete the first volume of the Cardinal's work.

The second volume contains, for the most part, the Cardinal's occasional sermons and addresses. It is clear that he has always been in request as the preacher for important ecclesiastical anniversaries. The author delivered the sermon, for instance, at the "Consecration of Baltimore Cathedral, May 25, 1876," at the "Centenary Celebration of the Archdiocese of New York," at "The Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams, of Boston," at the "Silver Jubilee of the Catholic University" and at "The Funeral of General Sheridan." The discourse delivered by the Cardinal on October 1, 1911, will recall to the reader the magnificence of the civil and religious celebrations which marked the observance of his Eminence's golden jubilee as a priest, and his silver jubilee as a member of the Sacred College. For on June 6, President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, ex-President Roosevelt, the leading members of the three co-ordinate branches of the Government, the Governor of Maryland, the Mayor of Baltimore and many prominent Americans, joyfully came together to congratulate Cardinal Gibbons, and the religious celebration which took place later was equally imposing. "A Retrospect of Fifty Years" is a notable book.

W. D.

The Commentaries of Ishodad of Merv. Volume V. The Epistles of Paul the Apostle. By MARGARET DUNLOP GIBSON. In Two Parts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.40.

The present volume completes Mrs. Gibson's edition of the New Testament commentaries of Ishodad of Merv, and makes up the eleventh number of "Horae Semiticæ." This series of Semitic studies, together with that of "Studia Sinaïtica,"

achieve for Mrs. Gibson and her twin sister, Mrs. Lewis, a lasting repute in Syriac scholarship. Ishodad of Merv was Nestorian Bishop of Hadatha in Assyria about 850 A.D. The great importance of his commentaries lies in the fact that he uses a Syriac version of the New Testament that is older than the Peshitta. This Vulgate Syriac version was an attempt of Rabula, Bishop of Edessa, in the fifth century, to make the Old Syriac conform with the then received Greek text of the New Testament. Of the Old Syriac version, made about 150 A.D., and of Tatian's Diatessaron or Harmony of the Gospels, 170 A.D., Ishodad provides scholars with new evidence. Moreover, this Nestorian scholar preserves for us many quotations from Ephrem and Theodore of Mopsuestia, that are invaluable in the reconstruction of the Syriac literary and exegetic tradition.

The two parts of this volume are sold separately, so the English translation may be bought apart from the Syriac text. Many interesting and illuminating comments are made by Ishodad. Even today exegesis are puzzled by St. Paul's typical interpretation of the fact that Melchisedech was "without father, without mother" (Hebr. vii:3). Ishodad interprets that, just as Melchisedech did not receive his priesthood by heredity, nor handed it on to his offspring as to the priests of Aaron, even so the priesthood of Christ was not received of earthly parents. This meaning of the Semitically colored Hellenistic of the Epistle to the Hebrews is borne out also by the fact that, in the Tell el-Amarna tablets, Abd Hiba twice writes to the Pharaoh of Egypt that his rule in Jerusalem is not due to heredity but to royal appointment; "neither my father nor my mother gave it to me, the strong arm of the king gave it to me." These relics of the golden age of Syriac literature are a veritable mine of interpretation to any one who wishes to quarry therein.

W. F. D.

Dante. By C. H. GRANDGENT, Professor of Romance Languages, Harvard University. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

Our Fellow Shakespeare. By HORACE BRIDGES. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

By some strange psychic process silently working in the mind of many writers, no sooner has one of them composed a volume on Dante than another sends forth a monograph of Shakespeare. These masters deserve to be thus paired. In their respective realms they are supreme. With steady vision Shakespeare reads the secrets of the human heart; with the eyes of genius purified by faith Dante looks beyond the flaming bounds of space and time and peers into the mysteries of heaven and hell and reads the most august *arcana* of the Deity. We cannot have too many studies of these giants. It is a wholesome sign in our age that they are still commented on, and that scholars find that they can still glean a few scattered sheaves in the fields where others have already reaped such a plentiful harvest.

The Harvard professor states his purpose in writing his "Dante" is to present his hero not as an independent figure, but as the mouthpiece of a great period in the world's history. He has attempted to trace a portrait of the Middle Ages "with Dante's features showing through." The point of view is a correct one, for "The Divina Commedia" gives in a short compass the religious, social, political and literary ideals and views of the Middle Ages. To know it is to be acquainted with all the grandeur and the foibles of that wondrous time. Professor Grandgent tells us therefore what were the society and the politics of that stirring age, describes the characteristics of medieval song, analyzes language and poetry, gives an account of medieval learning and theology, and depicts for us the medieval temper. The book will explain many things that are obscure to the readers of Dante, though certain statements of the author with regard to the Popes and the Papacy have not always the soundest authorities to support them.

The governing idea of Mr. Bridges' volume is not exactly to increase the stock of Shakespearean lore in the scholar or the expert, but to enable those who have thought of the great master as a frigid classic, to get beyond that false concept and penetrate into the riches and the wealth of his kingdom. The "humanity" and the "popularity" of the poet and the plays are brought out as the central point of the book, the sonnets and the great plays being analyzed. The volume contains an interesting chapter on the "Rise of the English Drama" and one on the "Bacon Myth." With regard to the latter point the author concludes that it is as impossible to believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare as it is to believe that Darwin wrote Dickens. J. C. R.

Witchcraft in Salem Village. By WINFIELD S. NEVINS. Salem, Mass.: Salem Press Co. \$2.25.

To our superior modern minds, because they are modern, witchcraft is an elusive and disappointing subject for investigation. Not only we cannot judge confidently as to its reality, but we are at a loss to account for the mania that seemed to grip men's minds and hurry them on to the execution of the so-called witches. The possibility of witchcraft is frequently attested in Holy Scripture. Its reality should be proved by its appearance and persecution in almost every land, down to the early part of the eighteenth century. But invariably, other motives besides those of witchcraft have been adduced. In the first thirteen centuries of the Christian era, it connoted a relapse into paganism. During this period there was none of the fierce denunciation that characterized the following centuries. About the time of the Reformation and later, witch-hunting became a favorite diversion. It is noteworthy that the voice of the Church was for the most part on the side of caution, while that of the Reformers tended towards extreme measures. When Protestants were burning and hanging the innocent victims of the witchcraft delusion, the Jesuit, Friedrich von Spee, was publishing the most effective protest against it, his famous book "*Cautio Criminis.*"

In investigating the witch-hunting epidemic in Salem Village, Mr. Nevins in this new edition of his valuable book would have done well to notice the connection between the Protestant doctrine of the free interpretation of the Bible and the outbreak in the ultra-Protestant New England community. The principal witnesses and judges could justify their conduct by the Bible. But Mr. Nevins's attempt to justify their conduct by common-sense or the true interpretation of the Scriptures does not seem reasonable. That twenty aged persons should have been hanged, due to the weak evidence presented by a group of girls in their teens, passes comprehension. Whether fraud or frenzy were responsible for the condemnations can never be definitely settled; however, in later years, the judges and witnesses repented of their part in the proceedings by public confessions. Mr. Nevins has treated the subject well. Analytically, he does not force an explanation of facts that cannot be explained; historically, he investigates the proceedings of each trial and the court, and in a scientific way examines the witnesses and their testimony. His succinct and thorough account of the delusion has made an engrossing subject even more interesting.

F. X. T.

The Three Gifts of Life: a Girl's Responsibility for Race Progress. By NELLIE M. SMITH, A.M. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$0.50.

This little book is chosen among dozens of similar publications sent for review, because it seems the least unsatisfactory of a class of useless books. Miss Smith recognizes that there is such a thing as free will, and thereby divests the subject of much bad psychology and maudlin sentimentality. If they so desire, men and women may embrace a life of continence, and,

given the necessary means, may continue in it. If, on the contrary, they prefer a life of sin, the responsibility is not to be attributed primarily to heredity or environment, but to a misuse of their power of free choice.

This clear recognition of a fact of human experience is the chief merit of Miss Smith's book; as to the rest, I must reluctantly say, *cui bono?* To the anatomist or pathologist, it is of no value whatever. The moralist will look in vain for any tabulation of ethical values, and the Christian teacher will search unsuccessfully for even a rudimentary statement of responsibility for one's free acts to a Supreme Law-giver and Judge. The psychologist will find it correct in the general statement of an elementary truth, and will then begin to pick easy flaws. Writing, no doubt, with the best of intentions, Miss Smith has not succeeded in escaping the most serious fault of all "sex books" intended for children. It is easy to make reserves in one's descriptions of anatomical facts and pathological conditions, but will the awakened curiosity of the child stop with these reserves? Experience does not indicate an affirmative answer. This is hardly the place for quotations; but the paragraph beginning on page 76 openly prompts a question, which Miss Smith nowhere answers, and, apparently, thinks should not be answered. One need not be a trained psychologist to understand that for the average adolescent, such books as the present are not sedatives but excitants.

P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Arthur Stanwood Pier, hitherto known chiefly as a writer of boys' books, has now turned out an "uplift" novel of the conventional kind named "Jerry" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50). The central figure is a young, Irish policeman, who has the usual adventures, and whose friends and relatives, strange to say, seem to be little influenced by religious motives. The author has all the Protestant social worker's patronizing ways.—"The Spring Song" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.40) is a well written but rather morbid study in child psychology. A little English boy falls under the influence of a half-mad musician, and then pines away out of sheer melancholy.—"Oh, Mary, Be Careful!" (Lippincott, \$1.00) by George Weston is an amusing little story of a girl, who by an unkind will has forced on her the necessity of choosing between a large inheritance and the privilege of marriage. Her aunt had left her several tests by which to prove the worthlessness of man. The application of the tests, which makes up the burden of the tale, is rather disquieting in the beginning. The hero, however, rises superior to them, and in the end Mary gets both her husband and her fortune.

"Manuel de Perfection Chrétienne et Religieuse" (Société Saint-Augustin, Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie.), a practical handbook of asceticism, deals with the different virtues and practices of the religious life. Beginning with the treatise on Christian virtue and the supernatural life common to all Catholics, the manual explains simply and concisely the different scales in the ascent heavenward from the purgative to the unitive way. Every phase of religious perfection is explained in the course of the book, and at the foot of each page a few questions are placed to bring out the essential points in the matter discussed, the chapter on devotion to the Mother of God being especially good.—"Brief Discourses on the Gospel" (Pustet), by the Rev. Philip Seebock, O.F.M., translated from the German by E. Leahy, contains short sermons for all the Sundays and festivals of the year, except Christmas. It is a book which might prove of service to a priest who is required to address the same congregation week after week, for it furnishes a multiplicity of topics; but the writer points out only the most general prin-

ples in the most general way. The sermon for the first Sunday of Lent might be taken as a fair specimen of the contents of this book. The writer has a few paragraphs on "Temptations to Avarice," with nothing to suggest an application to our own times. Yet what a volume might be written on this subject with applications to the voter, the politician, the public official, the business man of today, as well as to the rest of us who do not belong to any of these classes.

Last fall the Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J., told the readers of the *Educational Review* how Catholic colleges, which have, as a rule, no endowment of money, manage to exist. It is "By the generous sacrifice of thousands who have given not money but their lives to the sacred cause of education." The paper is reprinted in the current *Catholic Mind*. Father John O'Hara, C. S. C., then describes the chief source of the "South American History" purveyed by the Protestant missionaries and urges Catholics to become familiar with the Latin Republics' noble past, for "We have seen our South American neighbors through the eyes of prejudice long enough." The next article is Mr. Joyce Kilmer's suggestion for "Cleaning Up the News-stands." "When you buy your morning paper, look at the magazines displayed by the dealer. If he persists in selling filth stop trading with him." The number ends with a short examination of Luther's alleged "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen." It is another of those high-sounding "historic" sayings which were never really uttered.

Mr. John A. Gade, who has written a popular life of "Charles XII, King of Sweden" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00), has so cleverly and plausibly put the narrative into the mouth of "Colonel Klingspor" that more than one reviewer has taken the book for a real translation. The author gives a quaint but vivid description of the meteoric career of the young king who early in the eighteenth century went waging useless wars in Denmark, Saxony, Poland and Russia, remaining away from home some fourteen years while his kingdom went to ruin. He was killed in 1718 by a bullet shot from the Norwegian fortress of Fredrikshald which the Swedes were besieging. The "Colonel" pays warm tributes to the piety and other virtues of this "protector of the Evangelical Faith," who was also a cruel and implacable warrior. The volume is well illustrated and evidences the author's wide reading.

The "Poems of the Literary Life" in the early half of Mr. William Watson's latest volume, "Retrogression and Other Poems" (Lane, \$1.00) proclaim the "great faith" he has in "laws of song," "In truths of lyric right and wrong." In faultless lines, the poetasters, free-verse writers and "criticasters of a day," are sternly reproved. Among the "Poems Personal and General," which make up the second part of his book, the author writes these graceful stanzas "To My Eldest Child":

My little firstborn daughter sweet—
My child, yet half of alien race,
England and Ireland surely meet,
Their feuds forgotten, in thy face.

To both these lands I'd have thee give
Thy maiden heart, surrendered free;
For both alike I'd have thee live,
Since both alike do live in thee.

In thee they lay their strife aside,
That were so worn with dire unrest;
Those whom the waters parted wide,
But who commingle in thy breast.

EDUCATION

Freshman English

TODAY we have with us Freshman English; we cannot say that we have the pleasure to have with us Freshman English. That is the established formula of a platform introduction, but truth forbids its use in the present instance. Freshman English is not a pleasure. It is a sorrow, a carking care.

Ladies and gentlemen of the old school must remember that Freshman English is not the same as English which freshmen study. The latter is at once broader and not so broad as the former. An unhappy sophomore here and there is doing Freshman English, and there are freshmen who are doing English which is not Freshman English. Freshman English is a technical term for an idea which the word does not express.

THE DESPAIR OF AUTHORS

SIXTEEN years ago Copeland and Rideout of Harvard brought out their "Freshman English and Theme Correcting." The reason for the methods of the book, as frankly stated by the authors, was the inequality in power of composition displayed by young men entering college. "At one end of the class of freshmen are the illiterate and inarticulate who cannot distinguish a sentence from a phrase, or spell the simplest words. At the other end are fairly mature writers, who need only to discard certain crudities and to gain variety and flexibility. Between these two extremes come many sorts and conditions of pupils." The purpose of the methods indicated in the book was to smooth out these inequalities. These methods did also seem to be a confession that young men entering college under these conditions were held back, some of them a whole or at least a part of a year, because of the inability of classmates to do college work.

This inequality among freshmen is not less marked today than it was sixteen years ago. Rather it is more pronounced. Freshman "Rhetorics" are the signs, if they are not the cures, of the disease. When some of us were young, we had "College Rhetorics" and "High School Rhetorics," and we thought that these were remedies sufficient for the ills of composition. Now we have "Freshman Rhetorics," in fact we have many "Freshman Rhetorics" and much variety among them. One, for instance, treats of all the forms of prose composition in a single chapter, and devotes more than half its space to matters merely grammatical. Another follows largely the plan of the conventional high school rhetoric, and bases its claim to special consideration on the treatment of what might be called the externals of composition, i.e., sources of material, note-taking, and bibliographies. A third is practically nothing more than a catechism of grammar and of general rhetorical principles. A fourth is merely a synopsis of the rhetorical rules which we might expect to be taught in the secondary school.

COLLEGIATE "LAME DUCKS"

THIS variety in the formula of the antidote indicates plainly enough that the physicians are not agreed on the specific for the disease, but a study of the prescription leaves no doubt as to the nature of the malady. *A large number of the young men and women entering college are not able to do college work in English.* That is the fact which Freshman English emphasizes. Freshman English is high school English done within college walls. It is even humbler than that. Some of the work which goes by the name ought to have been taught in the grammar school. Lists of words commonly misspelled and of the principal parts of irregular verbs find a place in some freshman rhetorics. In one of our western universities there is a preceptor of Freshman English. His charges have been described in homely fashion as "lame ducks." They have been dubbed expressively. The term conveys an idea practically and effectively. It leaves but

one possibility for a misunderstanding. Usually ducks are not lame in flocks, but the students for whom Freshman English is necessary are entering our colleges in flocks. They are numerous enough to make up whole classes, which, to express facts plainly if not pleasantly, are not of college quality, though they are of college name.

THEIR ORIGIN

COLLEGE mathematics, college physics, college chemistry, are terms, which have at least a fairly definite meaning. With the vogue of Freshman English, however, the lines which once divided college from high school and even from grammar school English have been wiped away. The grade of American colleges has been lowered, and college degrees are being given to students whose English work in college has been, at least partly, of only high school quality.

One reason for Freshman English is undoubtedly the admission to college of students who have done only two or three years' high school work in English. The main reason, however, is not the time but the methods of high school English. The commonly received high school methods can hardly develop the ability in composition which the college reasonably expects. Even where the high school course in English extends over four years, it seems usual to give only one year to the formal study of the essentials and forms of composition. The other years are devoted to a study of authors and of the history of literature. No one can, of course, deny the benefits which a student derives from the study of the classics, but neither can any one claim that this study, as generally pursued in our secondary schools will train in composition. A surface acquaintance with ten or fifteen, and a closer knowledge of four or five authors, "College Entrance Requirements," can be gained without any notable improvement in original expression. If educators expect courses planned after this fashion to give proper training in composition, they are not acquainted with the difficulties of the art.

SUGGESTED METHODS

WITHIN one year to give the average class all the formal instruction and practice necessary to make the pupils even passably proficient in sentences, paragraphs and the four prose forms, is out of the question. It is safe to say that ordinarily a high school class will need the training of a full year in order to acquire anything like facility in the composition of a sentence. The same ordinary class can with great profit and without any loss of time, be drilled in paragraph structure for another year. For the prose forms, two years will not be too much time. The difficulty of composition demands that the labor be spread out and divided after some such manner as this. Furthermore, the authors studied in each class should be so chosen as to coordinate with the composition work. They should be classics, but in order to be classics, it is not necessary that they be so far above the comprehension of the students as to fill them with an abiding abhorrence for names which are great in our literary history. Some years ago an association of teachers in the East declared that certain of Milton's poems assigned for high school study, were so far above the ken of the pupils as to produce only this effect. Is it not possible that there are other received high school texts, in themselves masterpieces and as such worthy of admiration, which only stir the pupil to rebellion against English? Texts of this character do not help the cause of composition. Let the authors studied be adapted to the needs and abilities of the class.

VANITY AND REALITY

FINALLY the needs and abilities of classes do not seem to be kept before the minds of educators as prominently as might be desired. The English courses in our high schools, as they now stand, are the immediate cause of Freshman English, but back of this cause there is possibly another. It is the lure of high-sounding words and of lofty pretensions. To say that a class is

studying "Il Penseroso" sounds better than to say that it is studying sentences. Besides it is more satisfying to vanity. We are not saying whose vanity is tickled. At first blush it would seem to be the vanity of the high school instructor. Still it is not the high school instructor who determines the college entrance requirements, and there may be among college professors elect spirits who are flattered by the flourishing pronunciamientos of certain entrance tests. However this emptiness of word and of pretension is coming to be recognized more and more. High school instructors and college professors alike are beginning to see that there can be and must be a cure for Freshman English, and to demand of the high school a more extended and a better graded course in composition.

JOHN P. McNICHOLS, S. J.

SOCIOLOGY

Archbishop Mundelein and the Dependent Child

THE happy conclusion to the efforts of one Willian H. Dunn, a Chicago "uplifter" was chronicled in AMERICA some weeks ago. Mr. Dunn is not a pleasant subject for my pen. It is necessary to say, however, that this person, following his discovery that the great and wealthy city of Chicago was walking into a Roman ambush by paying something towards the support of Chicago orphans in private institutions, prayed the Circuit Court to restrain this self-willed city from further peril. The injunction was granted on January 25. As a result, some three thousand Catholic orphans will soon be without bread, unless they wish to take refuge in houses that will rob them of their Faith. Mr. Dunn has reason to congratulate himself; or would have, were it not for the sturdy faith of Chicago Catholics. They will count no sacrifice too great that will safeguard the souls of these dependent children.

THE CHICAGO ATTACK

BRIEFLY, the Chicago case is this. In the western metropolis, as in the majority of American communities which have legislated on the subject, some effort is made to protect the faith of the child who becomes a ward of the court. Falling under the jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court, he is placed, according to the Illinois statute, "in the care and custody of some individual holding the same religious belief as the parents of such child, or with some association which is controlled by persons of like religious faith with the parent." To cooperate with this eminently just provision, private Catholic societies have erected, wholly out of their own resources, large and expensively-equipped institutions in the city and vicinity. "Under the existing law and in perfect good faith," writes Archbishop Mundelein, the institutions, after providing plant and equipment, did their best to make these children good Christians and good citizens; while, in the words of the Hon. Bird S. Coler, spoken of the New York Plan, "the city on its part made partial payment for services received."

Despite an occasional outbreak of bigotry, the Chicago Plan operated with satisfaction to all concerned. Only within the last year have organizations hostile to the Church, and never noted for their care of the dependent child, discovered that this method, adopted "in all good faith," by both parties to the contract, is in violation of the State Constitution. Article VIII, section 3, of this instrument provides that no payment shall be made from any public fund "in aid of any church or sectarian purpose, or help support or sustain any school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other literary or scientific institution controlled by any church." Unlike New York, Illinois makes no provision in its constitution, adopted in 1870, for the care of the dependent child by municipalities. The problem, now so grave, did not then exist. Hence in his decision of January 25, Judge Baldwin announced that under the Article quoted he was compelled "to reach the conclusion that the payment of this bill to this school [in the

test case before the court] would constitute a violation of the constitutional provisions."

PRAISED YET REJECTED

IN an open letter, dated February 9, a document worthy in every way of his high office, the Archbishop appeals from the effects of this ruling to the charity of his people. Valuable as an eloquent exposition of the principles upon which the care of the dependent child must be based, the Archbishop's letter is likewise a warning to all American Catholics, to guard against the insidious and incessant attack which, through the State and under plea of efficiency and philanthropy, modern sociology is making against the Church's institutions for the young. No charges were or could be made against the conduct of the private institutions, nor could the results achieved by them be challenged. On the contrary, it was judicially admitted, not only that their work was good, but that it was better than the work of State institutions, to which, by a legal fiction, at least, Judge Baldwin's decision will remand the dependent Catholic children. "I am not to be understood as criticising the efficiency of the school, or the conduct of those under whose fostering care it has achieved so much of usefulness," wrote Judge Baldwin. In fact, "it is my belief that in a very large majority of cases, work of this kind is more economically and efficiently done in institutions controlled, managed and inspired by religious and sectarian organizations, than when administered by the State."

THEORY AND PRACTICE

IN other words, a constitutional provision, not obsolete certainly, but never intended to interfere with the care of dependent children by a great municipality, has been invoked by bigots, bent on destroying a work admitted by all good citizens to be of indisputable value both to the child and to the community. The Archbishop writes:

We are told that such payments are against the constitution of the State. . . . Never in their wildest dreams did its framers foresee a city of over two and a half million inhabitants, with its congested districts, its poverty, disease, destitution. . . . The fact that the document makes no provision whatever for dependent children, never even mentions them, shows that the problem, as the city now faces it and as it may be seen day after day in our courts, was not foreseen by them.

It is not claimed that the city of Chicago has as yet made any provision for these helpless children, or that it can do so, or that, even granting its ability to build institutions in sufficient number, it can conduct them properly. On the contrary, it is admitted that under State care, such institutions will probably be inferior. "Really," writes the Archbishop, "it is rather an expensive luxury to be a Catholic in this city." To be a Catholic means to be "sectarian," with the result that no Catholic institution may be aided in its work for the community by taxes paid in part by Catholics. Yet, writes the Archbishop:

There is an orphan asylum in this city where religion is ridiculed, where the knowledge of God is stolen from helpless babes, where every vestige of God and of the supernatural is torn out of their childish hearts, and yet that institution receives State aid as "non-sectarian," (God save the mark!) and our institutions which care for the children, even for their bodily welfare, more cheaply to the tax-payers, and admittedly better than the State, are refused any subsidy from public funds, as though we were teaching the children crime, rebellion, disrespect for law.

The prelate's words have a direct application in every community which publicly endorses the absurd theory that to be anti-religious is to be non-sectarian.

In striking language, the Archbishop brings home the powerful influence for the common good, exercised by "an organization under whose roof twenty-six nationalities dwell in harmony," worshipping, "rich and poor, learned and ignorant in nearly 300 churches."

Nobody denies that neither the laws of man nor the punishments of the State exert a fractional part of the restraint upon one-half of the population of this city, as does the simple "thou shalt not" of the Catholic priesthood. And yet the State is forbidden to pay for the simple board of orphan children in institutions where a love of God, a fear of punishment for wrong-doing and a craving for heavenly rewards are instilled in the child, which more than anything else will help to make it a law-abiding citizen.

His Grace then outlines the plans which the authorities had in mind for the benefit of the child and the community. The diocese was preparing to erect a protectory for boys, "a home for the boy without a chance," homes for blind and crippled children, and hotels for the poorly paid working girl. "But now we draw back discouraged." Rich in faith, the Catholics of Chicago are poor in this world's goods. Burdened with a tax for schools which they cannot use in conscience, they must now plan for the maintenance of schools and homes at present existing, in which their dependent children will not be robbed of their Faith.

WARNING AND APPEAL

YEET not for a moment does the Archbishop believe that his people will allow these little ones to fall into the hands of the modern forces of "philanthropy."

Surely you would not want their souls to be placed in jeopardy, because their Faith had been torn out of their hearts before they were able to realize its tremendous value. Surely you would not want them to be handed over, body and soul to the cold-blooded, mechanical, well-paid employees of a municipal institution or commission, or farmed out among strangers to be exploited as cheap child-labor for the personal profit of others.

On the contrary, stating his determination to beg from door to door for the orphans if need be, the Archbishop is sure of the generosity of his faithful people.

Help us as much as you can, to give to other children what you would want for your own, not only a warm bed, a nourishing table, play with other children in the fresh air to keep their little bodies strong; but likewise to keep their souls good and pure and innocent, by learning to love God in the classroom, to pray for your soul in the chapel; and to feel the loving arms and look into the gentle eyes of the Sister who has given herself to God to care for motherless babies like these, when the little lips murmur, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Burdened as they are, no one who knows the Catholics of Chicago will doubt their answer to this touching appeal.

CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES AT STAKE

"THEIR little souls are on my conscience," writes the Archbishop, "and for each of them I must one day answer at the judgment seat." Catholics are sometimes asked why they spring to the defense of the dependent child as though it were a matter of life and death, and why in the conflict they conduct themselves in a manner which to modern sociologists seems narrow, intemperate and bigoted. The noble words of the great Archbishop furnish the answer, and excuse, if need be, the manner. St. Peter was not always dignified in defending his Master, but his faith and love never failed, and St. Paul was thought bitter and intemperate because he fought with beasts at Ephesus. Our separated brethren may be satisfied when the child's physical and mental needs are met; not so, Catholics. We seek first of all in behalf of the child, the "one thing necessary," and we reject without further consideration any system which does not secure the child's inalienable right to know, love and serve Almighty God. The Catholic sociologist recognizes the prime importance of the supernatural; the modern sociologist does not. Herein is the essential difference between the two schools; and, as I have written elsewhere and here repeat in the face of criticism, this essential difference issues in an antagonism that is irreconcilable.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Chagrin in Georgia

THOSE perfervid "patriots" of Georgia who recently made the charge that two Catholic schools in Savannah were receiving financial aid "in violation of the policy of our Government in regard to the use of State funds for denominational schools," have brought down on their devoted heads the wrath of their fellow-Protestants. For the State Superintendent of Schools examined the charge and found it true, but also found that the schools in question belonged to an independent local system which had been established prior to the Constitutional Convention of 1877. Nevertheless, he directed that no sectarian schools should receive State aid. Whereupon the Attorney-General of Georgia began an investigation and discovered, says the *Chicago New World*:

That some fifteen Protestant schools, six conducted by Methodists, six by Baptists, one by Presbyterians, etc., with the probabilities of many more, were receiving not only State aid for the conducting of the schools, but that the school buildings had been erected for these denominational schools and the grounds purchased with the State funds.

As the sauce denied the Papistical ganders could hardly be offered, even in Georgia, to the Protestant geese, chagrin and disgust are deep and widespread.

Stopping "Single-Day" Pictures

IT has been found that "single-day" moving-pictures that are objectionable on moral grounds are hard to suppress. For before they can be stopped in one film-hall they have passed on to another. But Father Francis J. Finn, S.J., believes he has discovered a way of meeting the difficulty and in the *St. Xavier Calendar* explains his plan thus:

If we are to secure proper moving-picture shows for lovers of decency, the daily change of program must be done away with. In the meantime to safeguard the purity and morals of our young I beg to suggest to the American Federation of Societies, to the Knights of Columbus and to other similar organizations a simple line of action: 1st. Do not allow your children to attend those theaters where there is a daily change of program. 2d. In the case of theaters which have two changes of program a week, let a committee of two or three men, representatives of the Catholic Federation, of the Knights of Columbus, or some other such organizations, attend on the *first* day, and at once make known, preferably through the daily press, whether the picture is suitable to the young.

Excellent! But have we enough interested Catholics in the land to serve efficiently on these committees?

Ecclesiastics and the Armies of France

SINCE the outbreak of the war, few, except the bigots blind to the evidence of obvious facts, have questioned the patriotism of the Catholic clergy and laity. There is not an army in Europe in which Catholics filled with love of country have not eagerly enrolled themselves. Official France, which during the last decade has devoted no small part of its energy to persecution, gross and petty, of the Church and her consecrated ministers, furnishes, perhaps, the most notable example. During a debate in the Chamber of Deputies on February 4, Deputy Groussau, according to the press reports, "took occasion to call attention to the part taken in the war by the Catholic clergy. He said that the Catholics had had serious grievances, but had forgotten them, and in proof pointed to the fact that up to the present time "more than 2,000 ecclesiastics had given their lives for France." The Jesuits in particular, according to the Deputy, had suffered severely. "Of the six hundred Jesuits who returned to France at the outbreak of the war, one hundred and twenty had been killed, and a larger number severely

wounded." It should be added, however, that the laws against these thousands of religious men and women who are daily risking their lives in defense of France, are still in force.

Missionary Work and Longevity

THE necrology for 1915, published by the *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons, contains the names of ten prelates and 164 priests. In an interesting commentary, the *Ave Maria* examines the light which this necrology "throws on the relation between hardship and the duration of life." In no sense is the missionary career "easy, comfortable, inactive or delectable." Its many privations and actual sufferings make it "what the generality of men consider genuine hardship." Yet the average age of the ten prelates was sixty-five years and nine months, "a fairly long life for a bishop even in this country," while that of the priests was something more than fifty-five years. Thirty-three of the priests were just completing their seventh decade, while eleven had gone beyond the four-score mark. The reasons for this longevity are thus declared by the *Ave Maria*:

Plain food and not too much of it, fresh air, and plenty of physical exercise, these our missionaries invariably have; and a good many of us, in both clerical and lay circles, would undoubtedly enjoy a far healthier and longer life, if in these respects we imitated their example.

Unfortunately, to follow the regime wisely recommended by the *Ave Maria*, seems to those who need it most, to require a heroism not less than that of the missionary who leaves all things to preach the Gospel.

The Rising Price of Commodities

THE high cost of paper, for some months a serious menace to the publishing trade, has at last made itself felt in governmental departments. An increase in the price of all kinds of stamped envelopes went into effect on February 1. The increases average about forty-three cents per thousand envelopes, and were made necessary, according to the announcement of the Post Office Department, "by the increased cost of paper and the use of more and better material." The Baltimore *American* remarks that "if the price of paper goes up any more, they may have to use leather in the soles of shoes." But the gibe is without its point, since leather has also risen to an unheard-of price. Chemists, it is said, have been experimenting for some time on suitable substitutes for both paper and leather, thus far without success. Many substitutes for paper have been long known, but the cost of production is as yet prohibitive. On the other hand, the Washington *Times*, claims to have discovered an article which has actually decreased in price because of the war. This curiosity is Portuguese dried figs.

The Y. M. C. A and Columbia

VERY possibly there is no official connection between that well-known Protestant society, the Y. M. C. A., and Columbia University; yet that a rather close relation exists is obvious from a circular letter recently sent to "the Alumni of Columbia, in the name of the Y. M. C. A. of Columbia University," and signed by Professor B. R. Andrews. The letter opens with the names of a number of gentlemen, most of whom are officially connected with the university, forming the "University Committee on Religious Work," and closes with an appeal for personal interest in the Y. M. C. A., and financial aid. "We are supervised in our work," the letter states, "by an active Committee of Faculty and Alumni." No doubt the university is free to cooperate actively with the I. W. W., the movement for the repeal of Section 1142 of the penal code, or with Mr.

Watson of Georgia, should it deem such action wise. But in any of these cases, or in the light of what seems the university's adoption of the Y. M. C. A., on what ground can Columbia appeal to the Catholic student? Possibly, after a decent interval, the university may also adopt the Y. M. C. A.'s plan of allowing Catholics a limited membership. This insult, however, would hardly deter a certain type of Catholic from eagerly seeking a servile position in institutions which some still fondly deem "free republics of letters." Unhappily the line of Demas who loved the world better than his faith, has never died out in the Church.

Good Advice to Parents

FATHER JOSEPH O'BRIEN, Director of the Bishop England High School of Charlestown, South Carolina, has addressed a letter to the parents of the pupils. "You have placed your children under my direction," writes the Director, "and I assume part of your responsibility." Father O'Brien voices the appeal of every teacher, that he can do very little with the boy or girl in the class-room, unless the parents are willing to do their part at home. "If you assist me by your home influence, I have no fear of the outcome." These suggestions are then offered:

- (1.) Put a ban on dances of every kind and description.
- (2.) Put a ban on moving-pictures, or at least prohibit the attendance of your son or daughter on school-days.
- (3.) Dress your daughters modestly and decently. Frown down clothing which offends against modesty, and invites slurring remarks from boys and men on the streets.
- (4.) Don't make a fop out of your son. Try to teach him the value of work.
- (5.) Supervise the study and home application to lessons of your boy or girl. The average pupil does not like study. It is a taste which can be cultivated only by application.
- (6.) Keep your growing boys and girls home with you at night. When they are out, be sure you know where they are. Some young people are better liars than you give them credit for being.

There are few parents in this country who could not study Father O'Brien's advice with profit. To teachers, clergymen, social workers, and often to the police, the indifference of some parents to the moral and mental welfare of their children, is as inexplicable as it is appalling.

Milton and His Dutch Prototype

IN a recent lecture in Chicago, Dr. L. C. van Noppen, of the University of Amsterdam, called attention to the remarkable "parallelisms" in Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "Lucifer," the great drama of the Dutch poet, Joost van Den Vondel. The professor, according to the press reports, has a collection of these "parallelisms" which covers two hundred printed pages. "But we must not blame Milton too severely," comments Dr. van Noppen. "It was the fashion of the age to borrow, and Milton excused himself by declaring that to borrow and to better in the borrowing was not plagiarism." If not the greatest Vondel is one of the greatest names in Dutch literature. Born of Protestant parents in 1587, he was received into the Church by the Jesuits of Krijtberg in 1641, and ever remained a devout son of the Church. His first poem after his conversion was the drama "Peter and Paul," dealing with the foundation of Christianity, and some of his most beautiful productions are in praise of the Mother of God and of the Blessed Sacrament. His most famous work, "Lucifer," appeared in 1654. "Vondel," writes the critic, Albers, "is the greatest poet the Netherlands have produced, one who is distinguished in every form, and who occupies a high place among the poets of all time." He died in poverty, the porter of a Danish pawnshop, in 1679. Although new, perhaps, to the majority of American students, the "parallelisms" have long been familiar to European scholars.